





## The Horse.

### THE OWNER OF THE FOAL IS LIABLE.

CANTON, July 1st, 1889.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Please answer through the columns of the Farmer in regard to Act No. 280 of the session laws of 1887. "An act to protect the owners or keepers of stallions." A. owns a mare at the time of service. He sells, or trades her, to B. Nothing is said as to which party pays for the foal. B. sells the foal to C. The description of the dam was filed with the township clerk while B. owned her. Now, who is responsible for service fee?

The law referred to has twice appeared in the Farmer, and should have been kept for reference by horse owners. If the law has been complied with, the stallion owner has a lien upon the foal for the period of six months after the birth of the foal for the payment of the services of such stallion. This lien, says the law, "shall operate in all respects as a chattel mortgage during the time provided in section one, with power of sale on the foal of such dam, and may be collected, enforced and discharged as provided by law for the collecting, enforcing and discharging of chattel mortgages." The owner of that foal is therefore responsible for the service fee, just as he would be if he had purchased any other property upon which there was a chattel mortgage. Parties purchasing colts under six months old should look up the records to see if it is liable under the provisions of this act for the stallion service. But a description of the mare, and the agreement with her owner, must be placed on file with the County Clerk before the birth of the foal.

### DEATH OF DANIEL LAMBERT.

Daniel Lambert 102, the best son of Ethan Allen, dam Penny Cook, by Abdullah I, and the sire of 33 trotters and one pacer with records below 2:30, died at Broad Leaf Stock Farm, near Middlebury, Vt., on June 29th. He was 31 years old, and was active and vigorous till the last. In many respects Daniel Lambert was a wonderful horse. His sire, Ethan Allen, was one of the purest gifted trotters ever seen, but did not have the lasting power to win a long race. Daniel Lambert was regarded for years as the best living representative of the Morgan family of horses, but he had a good deal of other blood in his veins besides that derived from his Morgan sire. Thus his dam, Penny Cook, was by Abdullah, nearly thoroughbred; 2d dam, by Stockholms American Star, a son of Duroc (thoroughbred); 3d dam, by Red Bird, a son of Bishop's Hambletonian. Ethan Allen was by Black Hawk 5, a son of Sherman Morgan, dam unknown. The only cross of Morgan blood Daniel Lambert had was through his sire, and that only on one side, while three of his dams were full of thoroughbred blood. It is a notable fact, however, that Morgan and thoroughbred blood always assimilate, the thoroughbred which the Morgan gets through its founder, Justin Morgan, always mingling kindly with the kindred blood of the thoroughbred. While it is common with trotting horse breeders to trace descent through the sire, and name their horses Hambletonians, Clays or Morgans, it is frequently the case, as with Daniel Lambert, that they contain more of other blood than of the family to which they claim relationship. But Daniel Lambert was a typical horse, bred from American stock, and the progenitor of some of the finest representatives of the American trotter yet produced. As a sire of trotters he stands in the very first rank, and his sons and daughters show ability to breed on. His fame will grow brighter as time rolls on.

### FARM HORSES.

The American Cultivator in an article on the above subject takes substantially the ground which the Farmer has held regarding the methods of breeding best calculated to produce good farm teams. While the thoroughbred and the trotter are apt to have too much nervous energy to make them good farm horses, their activity, muscular force and lasting qualities make them valuable to cross upon the heavier draft stock, such as the Percheron, Clydesdale or Shire, and from such crosses come farm teams, with more activity, and better legs and feet than the draft horse generally has, and less nervousness than the thoroughbred or the trotter, with the patience under steady work for which the draft breeds are noted. The fine teams of grade Percherons and Clydesdales which are to be found all through this State, do not owe all their excellence to their imported sires. The blood of the thoroughbred and the American trotter, which has been pretty well incorporated into the horse stock of the State, has had a good deal to do with making them what they are. The introduction of these heavy horses into this State, and into the United States, has been a good thing, and has added greatly to the value of the work horse. With intelligent breeding, mares of this description should make a splendid foundation for the production of a class of horses which would meet every requirement of the farm. But here is what the Cultivator says:

"No good farming is possible without good teams. The attention given to horse-breeding must, therefore, be the basis of any attempts to improve farm methods. So large a part of farm work is now done by horse labor that the efficiency of farm help is necessarily measured by that of the teams they use. It does not pay to employ men to do a full day's work. Some of the improved agricultural implements are very heavy, and some of them require three strong horses to draw them. Even in lighter work there is an advantage wherever possible in using two horses in place of one, or three in place of two. Western farmers who have little turning about to do cultivate corn with two horses, the team striding the rows. In this way the frequent resting required when only one horse is used in cultivating is avoided. Plowing should be done with plows adapted to three horses. On naked stubble the surface may be cultivated rather than plowed, and a strong team will enable the driver to take a broader sweep across the field.

"Strength, however, is not all that is required, else we might find it in oxen. Activity and what may be called nerve force, it is not always the largest team who can do the most manual labor. Great size may be rather than muscle, and in muscle even there is a wide difference in character and

fibers. An active, intelligent man will endure greater hardship and accomplish more than one who may look to the untrained eyes much stronger. It is so with teams. While popular fancy just at present seeks extra heavy horses of the Percheron or Clydesdale breeds, a reaction is surely coming which will require less bulk and more nerve, vigor and toughness. The very heaviest horses are most apt to go wrong in their feet. Their weight unites them for service on hard roads. The Morgan breed of horses is excellent for farm work, and some of the best of them will outpull much larger animals of breeds good for nothing except for draft.

"No idea can be more mistaken than is the one held by some old-fashioned farmers that the race horse is necessarily worthless except for his own specialty. Great speed means immense muscular power, and also the nervous energy to give it greater effectiveness. There may be too much nervousness in the best trotting stock to take kindly to the steady pull of hard farm work; but the ability is there if rightly trained. It is easily possible that good trotting stock may in a few years be used as sires on the heavier breeds of draft horses, to make a grade better adapted than any we now have for ordinary farm work, a horse that combines more of nervous energy with all the strength possessed by the present average horse kept for draft purposes."

### Horse Gossip.

BUDDO DOBLE says Guy is not and will not be in his string this season.

JOE HADLEY, a trotting stallion owned at Flint by Joe Hadley, died on Saturday last from inflammation of the bowels.

GUY, W. J. Gordon's famous black gelding, trotted a mile at Cleveland on Wednesday 2:11 3/4, beating his record a quarter of a second.

O. L. PEARSE, of North Adams, this State, has purchased the three-year-old stallion Bastante, by Brown Bay, and will change his name to Bay Hat. He is of pacing stock, and will be kept in the stud.

HIT HARD.—Our editor-in-chief, who is in Chicago, expresses regret at the defeat of Proctor Knott at the American Derby, and says that lots of Southerners are sending him money to get back on his feet. We shall look for him soon. His draft has been honored.—Texas Stockman.

If any of our readers have a horse which fills the description below, and will write particulars to this office, we will forward them to a party in this city who wishes to purchase such an animal: Gelding, from four to six years old, 14 to 15 hands, 1,000 to 1,100 pounds weight, dark color, and free driver. Mention price asked.

JEMESON, the great son of Tremont and Fanny Carey, will trot at East Saginaw the coming week, then he comes to the Detroit meeting. From here he goes to Cleveland and then to Buffalo, and will trot in \$2,000 races at each place. From Buffalo he goes to Chicago to compete in a \$5,000 trot, and thence to Boston, where he will trot in the \$10,000 stallion race.

WHILE ED STAMP's horse was on one side of the fence, a horse on the other side struck him in the forehead with his front foot, cracking the skull and tearing the hide down by the nose. When found they were hanging across the fence with the cork of the shoe from the horse in the cradle of the other's nose. Ed's horse will get along all right.—Ogden Cor. Advance.

SALVATOR, by Prince Charlie, on July 3rd, at Sheepshead Bay, won the Realization Stakes, and with it \$40,000, the largest purse ever captured by a horse in this country. There were nine starters. Salvator was bred by J. B. Haggin, of California, who still owns him. He has since won the Louisville Stakes at Monmouth, N. J. The distance was a mile and a half, and the time 2:37 1/4.

VICTOR BISMARCK 326, by Hambletonian 10, dam Hattie Wood (the dam of Louis Napoleon), by Henry Clay 45, is said to be paralyzed so badly that recovery is impossible. He is 22 years old, and is the sire of Blue Grass Hambletonian 2:23 1/4, Edgemark, three years old, record 2:21. Escape, four years old, record 2:26 1/4, and others in the list. He is owned by Thomas E. Moore, Shawhan, Ky., who valued him at \$50,000.

The following story is told of Irene, who beat Prudner, Fudor, Gardner and others at St. Louis recently: It is said that the sheriff went out to the track with an attachment for Irene, but her owner prevailed on him to put some money on the mare and wait till after the race. The sheriff intervened, and is said to have won a good round sum, while the owner squared the attachment by his winnings. It was a good thing all round.

The Door Prairie Live Stock Association, of Door Prairie, Ind., write under date of June 9th: "Our first shipment of horses arrived in good shape July 2nd from Glasgow (Clydesdale and Shires), and to-day we received a telegram from Montreal of another lot shipped from Liverpool (Clydesdales and Shires). We expect them to reach home Thursday, 11th. Our stock is all imported young, giving them an chance to mature in this climate, and being thoroughly acclimated give better results to the purchaser when they are old enough for service. Another shipment will arrive in October."

In the race for three-year-olds at Lexington, Ky., on July 5th, the colt Bonnie Wilmore won in straight heats; time, 2:31 3/4, 2:34 1/4, 2:27 1/4. The winner was sired by Wilmore, dam by Bonnie Scotland (thoroughbred). The other entries were New York Central, by Simons, dam Jessamine; and the filly Catharine Leyburn, by Onward, dam by Star Alonzo. According to those who dislike thoroughbred blood in the trotter, Bonnie Wilmore should have been beaten by the other two. But he was just mean enough to win when by the rules adopted by the cranks he should not be able to trot at all. A single fact is worth a bushel of theory.

The remarkable success of the Brilliant family of Percheron horses at the great annual show recently held at La Ferté Bernard, France, may be justly characterized as a triumph rarely, if ever, equaled in the annals of national show-rings in Europe or America. A record of 29 awards out of a total of 42 in the classes of mares and fillies gained by descendants of the old horse is something which affords an indication of the value of this famous blood; and demonstrates the soundness of the judgment which induced Mr. M. W. Dunham to give so prominent a place in his Oaklawn stud at Wayne, Ill. No less than 100 sons and daughters of Brilliant are now to be seen at this breeding establishment, and the news of this victory from beyond the sea will add value to every horse in America carrying his blood. The breeding of Percherons has made rapid strides since the establishment of the stud book of France, and now that the records, blood lines, prize-win-

ings, etc., of the breed are accessible to all, the production of fine horses is being brought to a point where it is attended with little uncertainty if the signs of the times be but half observed.

The manner in which three-year-olds continue to lower the record is something surprising. In 1889, just 20 years ago, Blackwood made his record of 2:31—and what a sensation he created! Now Artell reduces it to 2:15 1/4, and there is less surprise expressed than at Blackwood's feat. The list of three-year-olds which have broken the record in the past 20 years are as follows:

Blackwood, blk. h., by Alexander's 2:31  
Lady Stout, ch. m., by Mambrino Patchen 2:31  
Fuss Prall, by Mark Time, Lexington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1869.  
Eldon, br. m., by Messenger Duroc—Green Mountain Maid, by Harry Clay, Hartford, Conn., Sept. 30, 1877.  
Stetway, br. h., by Strathmore—Abess, by Albion, Lexington, Ky., August 28, 1879.  
Jewett, blk. g., by Allie West—Heel-and-Toe Fanny, by John Jinks, Lexington, Ky., Oct. 15, 1879.  
Phil Thompson, gr. g., by Red Wilkes, dam by John Dillard, Chicago, Ill., July 20, 1881.  
Hinda Rose, br. m., by Electioneer—Beau-triful Bells, by The Moor, Hartford, Conn., Oct. 3, 1883.  
Hinda Rose, br. m., by Lexington, Ky., Oct. 10, 1883.  
Patron, br. h., by Fancourt—Beatrice, by Cuyler, Lexington, Ky., Oct. 18, 1883.  
Sable Wilkes, blk. h., by Guy Wilkes—Sable, by The Moor, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 29, 1887.  
Artell, h. h., by William L.—Ion, by Mambrino Bay, Minneapolis, Minn., July 2, 1889.

## The Farm.

### Care of Cows.

Prof. James W. Robertson, of the Ontario Agricultural College, describes better as practically a materialization of sunbeams for the comfort and sustenance of man. To secure it at least cost and of best quality is a worthy object of rural ambition. We present herewith, condensed somewhat from his address before the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association, good points as to food, drink, shelter and salt for the cows:

"Fodder corn sown broadcast is mainly a device of a thoughtless farmer to fool his cows into believing that they had been fed when they have not been conditioned. The same plant, grown under conditions favorable to its attaining to mature size and quality, gives a fodder by which cows are enabled to produce the largest amount of milk, butter and cheese per acre. This fodder corn is not a complete ration for the best production of the best milk. When supplemented by food rich in albuminoids, such as cottonseed meal, oil-cake, bran or peas and oats, better returns for the food consumed are realized.

"Last summer one of our Canadian dairymen, feeding eighteen cows upon fodder corn as food supplementary to scant pasture, furnished milk to a cheese factory. In course of time he provided a supply of bran, and by the end of the first week after he found he was credited with enough extra milk to pay for the bran consumed (2 1/2 pounds per cow per day), and to leave him a balance of \$2.43 of extra profit for that week. The gains of extra summer for that week, and extra winter in nutrient for his milk to be fed alone to the greatest advantage. A judicious allowance of bran or grain similar to those mentioned will increase the milk supply and fortify the cow's system for the larger production during the midsummer, fall and winter.

"Water contaminated by decaying animal matter is especially likely to retain its impurities. Milk from cows drinking such water is a danger to the public health, and interferes greatly with the commercial value of all dairy products. There should be an abundant supply of pure water easily accessible by the cows during hot weather. It should be furnished at a comfortable temperature during cold weather of winter.

"Shade should be provided in pasture fields to protect against the blister-making influences of July and August suns. In all the management of cows such conditions should be provided and care given as will insure excellent health and apparent contentment. Feed should be supplied regularly, and when practicable milking should be done by the same person and with regularity as to time.

"Dairy cattle should have access to salt every day, and salt should be added to all their stable feed daily. A series of experiments convinced me that when cows are denied salt for a period of even one week, they will yield from 14 1/2 to 17 1/2 per cent less milk, and that of an inferior quality. Such milk will on an average turn out twenty-four hours less time than milk drawn from the same or similar cows receiving salt, all other conditions of treatment being equal."

### The Importance of the Turnip Crop.

There are few crops that the farmer raises that pay him better than the turnip, for the time and expense it involves. Nor is there any other stock feed that can be produced in such great abundance, at such little cost, with such little exertion, and in so short a time, as this root crop. All kinds of stock relish turnips and thrive upon them when used in combination with hay. A neighbor of ours said he fed his fattening hogs turnips and good results. He bolted them and fed them with corn, and in this way he was satisfied they were a valuable as well as a cheap feed for fattening stock. For growing cattle they are just the thing, furnishing material for making bone and muscle, building up a good-sized carcass on which fat can afterwards be placed by means of corn meal.

Many objections are made to feeding cows on turnips on account of the flavor imparted to the milk, and a similar objection is made to feeding beef cattle on turnips on account of the meat having the offensive turnip taste. It is also said that if turnips are omitted a week or so before killing, the flesh will not taste of turnips. The meat of beef and mutton fed freely on turnips is usually juicy, tender and healthy, and also well-flavored. It has been said the reason the English produce better mutton than we do was because they fed largely on turnips. Again it is claimed by some that there is no feeding value in turnips. This it seems, is not the case, for I have seen sheep kept on a turnip patch in the fall and winter that made the best of mutton, and tasted of no other feed. There may not be much hay saved by feeding turnips, for the appetites and health of the stock are so stimulated by this succulent food that they require about

as much hay with turnips as without. The profit comes in more and better beef, more milk, heavier fleeces, better lambs, and a larger and richer pile of manure.

Not only is the turnip crop a valuable feed, but it is a supplemental crop. It is put in at a time when the hurrying crop season is over, and as long as it lasts it lengthens out the corn, oats and hay, a most important matter with those who do not raise a full supply of these crops. If a good, deep under-ground, heavy top turnip is sowed, it will make one of the earliest pastures in the spring, when the farmer's winter supply is running slim. Turnips will, as soon as it turns a little warm in the spring, send forth a mass of fresh leaves, which is relished by most stock while there is nothing else growing, and when other pastures, such as clover, comes in, the turnip has about done its mission and can be planted to corn and other crops. Thus we can raise a valuable fall crop of roots and a valuable pasture in the spring, while other crops cannot be grown. I have sowed Early Flat turnips and Seven-top mixed, which do not interfere with each other as much as some other varieties and make a good crop of roots in the fall and a fine pasture in the spring to turn young stock, such as calves and sheep.

The turnip delimits in cool moisture and therefore a heavy soil is to be preferred to a light one. Soils entirely new are best, having abundance of ashes from the brush burned on the ground and vegetable mold. They produce the finest and sweetest roots. Where new land cannot be had, old land well manured makes larger roots, but more liable to be worm-eaten. The best way is to fence on a lot in early spring, and pen the cattle in it at night until time to sow. It should be turned under occasionally, which will improve the condition of the soil and preserve and more thoroughly mix the droppings with the soil. Cow manure is of a cool nature and seems congenial to the turnip growth. The best time to sow is the first half of August. The ground should be well prepared, so as to have a good seed bed. It is best to sow just after a rain, then the ground will not form a crust on top and hinder the plants from coming up well.—Farm and Vineyard.

### Threshing Oats.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says: "Why thresh oats? Few thinking farmers are so behind time as not to know the value of bright oat-straw for fodder. Nevertheless these men, good calculators generally, go on threshing the oat crop and separating grain from straw and then feed both to the same animals, as if they thus improved the feed! Is not the work on the farm hard and enough without this useless labor? The custom is a relic of the past, and surely the day is not distant when farmers will as soon think of hulling oats for feeding on the farm as of threshing them. Oats for sale will doubtless still be threshed, although I incline to believe that many sheaf-oats will be pressed like hay, having their heads all toward the middle of the bale. This will apply particularly to local trade."

"All stock eat sheaf-oats with avidity, and they constitute nearly a perfect food. Run through a fodder-cutter and moistened, they become, with addition of a little meal, bran or cottonseed, a good ration for milch cows, and the hardest-working team horses keep sleek and fat on the diet. Why should not farmers everywhere place their crop, immediately on hailing it from the field, in vermin-proof bags or barns, or better still, in mouse-proof stacks (which are so easily arranged), there to remain till fed? The time usually consumed in threshing oats for the farm stock could be profitably used in vacations, free from care and labor, and perhaps in visiting other farms, and learning from other farmers' methods."

### Sour Feed for Swine.

G. W. Berry, in the Kansas Farmer, says: We are often asked about sour feed for hogs. Many farmers follow the practice of soaking ground feed or mill-stuff until fermented. Why do this I have never heard a good reason. This method of preparing feed destroys the nutritious qualities and turns them by a chemical change into vinegar, as molasses and water are turned into acid. By feeding grain whole, or if ground, wet thoroughly and fed fresh and sweet, the sugar is retained with other qualities in the feed. By fermentation these nutritious properties are converted into acids which destroy the digestive organs and produce disease. The rotten, disgusting stuff hauled from hotels in barrels and fed to hogs is totally unfit to be tasted by any creeping or crawling creature, let alone that class of animals from which a greater part of the meat is made for human beings. Ground corn, ground oats and bran, equal parts, make almost a perfect food for hogs. Of course better results are obtained by running the hogs on pasture.

By a costly experience the writer has formed the opinion that shorts are not only very expensive feed, but also injurious to pigs. Shorts fed to young pigs undoubtedly produce heaves, cough and indigestion. The great care for mill-stuffs that has swept over the country has been a very costly experiment to farmers. The farmer or stock raiser who does not raise his own feed will never be satisfied. Every farm properly managed is adapted to growing good and proper feed for stock.

Variety of food liberally and judiciously fed, and exercise, are the secrets of keeping hogs in healthy condition. Who expects to raise fine horses or cattle on corn alone? Then why expect to raise good hogs on corn alone? Hogs are the most neglected and misused animal on the farm, as a consequence the pig pens become filthy and their occupants diseased. By providing roomy quarters not only is filth avoided and cleanliness secured, but the pigs have exercise which is necessary to develop frame and muscles. "Mr. Piggy" looks for the freshest bit of grass, or seeks the driest knoll on which to bask in the sunshine to develop long sides and expanded chest, or hunts for the cleanest water for a bath on a hot day. Pigs must be liberally fed from the start in order to grow them into good shape. Many people think that fleshy hogs are necessarily too fat. Feed such hogs as will produce what is desired. A hog may be very fleshy and yet not too fat. With proper feed and exercise the flesh is worked on, the muscles are strong and the bone is firm,

A young hog properly fed will develop more size and quicker than an improperly fed one. It may be argued that pigs intended for feeding alone ought to be fed more corn than breeders. However, the writer is inclined to hold that the growth should be uniform, and all the parts developed together, the fat and the lean intermingled, while the animal is growing; when the frame and muscles are once grown, the fat then put on is on the outside, and the opportunity for producing nicely marbled meat is lost.

### The Production of Grass.

Grass holds an important position in the economy of the farm. It provides the pasturage for summer, and supplies a dry food in the shape of hay or one more succulent in the shape of ensilage for use in winter. Its production may therefore be looked upon as a necessity, and although it is sometimes thought to be one of the most profitable of farm crops because of the comparatively little labor required in its growth it must be remembered that a good grass crop requires the maintenance or observance of some necessary conditions.

Most soils are capable of producing some sort of vegetable growth, but it is a very sterile soil that will not sustain any vegetable growth; but in the case of those crops that contain valuable nutritive elements and which are necessary upon the farm, a good degree of fertility of soil is necessary for their production. And by a good degree of fertility is meant such a degree as is sufficient to produce a maximum crop. There are many fields that will give a small crop of grass, and only a small crop, for the reason that there is insufficient strength of soil to give a larger one; other fields give a small crop for the want of suitable seeding. In either of those cases unoccupied space is quite liable to become infested with weeds and noxious plants.

In a good soil with proper seeding there is a strong tendency for the growing crop to overcome any growth of weeds; it is in the poor soils, those unable to induce a rapid and vigorous growth of cultivated crops where, having plenty of room, weeds are liable to become troublesome. So it is with the hay crop, if the soil is weak because of infertility or insufficiency of seed at the first, there is surface space that will surely be occupied by some sort of vegetation; that is a law of nature, and the hay from such a field is much less valuable in consequence.

The above thoughts then very naturally suggest the proper course to be pursued in relation to grass lands, especially to mowing lands.

In the first place the soil should be of sufficient fertility to maintain the growth of maximum crops; in the second place at the time of seeding it should be in such a perfect condition of pulverization that every portion would be capable of aiding in the germination of the seed applied; and in the last place there should be ample seed to supply a plant to every space of surface. It is far better to use a little more seed than is necessary, than to use a little less than is really required. Put on plenty of seed and give it a good start and who ever heard of much trouble from weeds. We have seen fields that are well supplied with rag-weed which upon being seeded down would show evidence of the weed where the seed sowing occurred, but never where the grass came up thickly.

Thick seeding upon a rich soil will insure a firm and complete sod, and so long as that can be maintained unbroken and in good average fertility by surface applications so long can excellent hay be secured. There is no hay that is better relished by stock than the hay that comes from permanent meadows that produce from year to year an abundance of nutritious hay.

Such fields are frequently maintained for a long term of years with the most satisfactory results.

We have seen a field that was producing in abundance, that was said to have been maintained in mowing for nearly a hundred years without being put under the plow and which would give its two crops of heavy hay. Centralization of effort is what New England farming requires; that is, there must be a studied effort to secure the best returns from the least possible surface, a rule that will apply with full force in the production of grass.—Mass. Ploughman.

### Agricultural Items.

AMERICAN farmers pay seven million dollars for binder twine every year.

T. B. TERRY has tried the new potato, the Monroe Seedling, which originated near Rochester, N. Y. Says it is very large and fine shaped, somewhat like the White Star.

THOUGH the potato beetle continues so troublesome and destructive, there are 25 insect enemies, only two of which, however, are true parasites, which prey upon it.

SUGAR factories will not pay over two dollars per ton for sorghum cane; they cannot afford it, they say. The question farmers have to settle is whether they can afford to raise it for that price.

THE Chicago dressed beef combination feel the loss of the Minnesota market for their meats so much that they are going to test the constitutionality of the bill by which dressed meats slaughtered outside the State are excluded from its markets.

MASSACHUSETTS' sheep industry is paralyzed by the dog. The Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture says there are thousands of pasture lands suitable for sheep grazing but remote from farm buildings, on which sheep might be kept to the advantage of the farmer and benefit to the soil, but the midnight raids of worthless curs upon the defenseless sheep render their keeping too precarious.

GALLEN WILSON, of Ithaca, N. Y., says he had several fleeces of grade Merino washed after shearing, and washed as well ordinarily on the sheep's backs, and they shrank less than ten percent. Were a discount of ten percent made the rule it ought to be satisfactory all round. Some of the English wool-growers in washing their sheep have ceased to "elbow the dirt out," but instead, "swim the animals across a rapid stream two or three times," only sufficient to take out the loose dirt. The discount of 25 to 35 percent is excessive and unjust.

THE aphid which has been so abundant upon the grain fields of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, has attacked the

hop-yards of the east. London purple and Paris green are ineffectual against it, the best results are from the kerosene emulsion, very much diluted—one part of kerosene emulsion to twenty parts of water. The kerosene emulsion is prepared with two gallons of kerosene to one pound of soap in a gallon of hot water. This can be applied with a force pump in the hop yards, but of course is impracticable in a grain field.

JONATHAN HOAG, in the Country Gentleman, corroborates the statements of others who have been able to find good in the ox-eye daisy. He says: "Those who denounce the daisy as worthless are laboring under a delusion. If the daisy is cut and cured while in full bloom (even before all the buds are opened is better), and the hay fed to cows it will produce more milk than any other hay, as has been demonstrated time and time again. Sheep will also fatten on it. But bear in mind it must be cut before the seed begins to form or the stalk becomes woody. For them at that stage it is worthless, and only fit for bedding."

## The Poultry Yard.

### A Chicken's Growth.

The mysterious development of animal life from the egg, as revealed day by day during the process of incubation, is a most interesting study. Usually on the third day after heat is applied to a fertile egg the "germ" is visible. The eye and brain first assume form. Veins radiate from this point. By the fourth day these vessels are marked distinctly, appearing to emanate from the eye. The head is given shape on the fifth, the body on the sixth, the heart, liver and other internal organs developing rapidly from this time. On the ninth and tenth days the bones of the chick, and the legs with small scales upon them are discoverable. Life appears on the twelfth day. Heat is evolved from the atom of a creature. The circulation of blood is noticeable. Thereafter the egg throws off a certain amount of heat, and the incubator needs less artificial warmth to maintain the required 102°. Up to the fifteenth day the chick's eye has been the most prominent feature, but from that time on the growth is seemingly proportionate. To the nineteenth day the chick enlarges in its several parts, with legs, incipient feathers and beak. The following day that beak is used to batter down the lime wall that confines the bird; and the ensuing six or twelve hours of imprisonment the little fellow's system absorbs the yolk of the egg, which furnishes sustenance during the first day of adventure in a heartless and conspiring world.—American Poultry Journal.

FOUNDED oyster and clam shells, provided for the hens, will prevent or cure them of eating eggs, and laying soft-shelled ones. Do not let the hens get an appetite for their eggs, but furnish the shell-forming material at the outset.

THE Mirror and Farmer advocates the feeding of ensilage to fowls in winter, saying it supplies the green material which enters into the summer food and stimulates egg production. The writer would use a cask or hoghead for a silo, filling it with finely cut grass or clover, corn leaves, whatever the fowls will eat with relish in summer. Fill and weight, and it is ready for trial.

THE Germantown Telegraph says: Nothing will fatten up chicks so quickly as beef scraps. The way broilers are fed the last three weeks is ground corn, oats and wheat, and mixed with plenty of beef scraps, fed three times a day. In the meantime a dish of cornmeal is kept before them, so they can eat whenever they desire. This feed runs up the weight very fast. But understand, it will not do to force stock so fast if you wish to retain them as breeders.

THE average farmer thinks the fowls can take care of themselves in hot weather. Yet he will coop a brood of chicks in the open field, subject to the direct rays of the sun, and deem them well cared for. He forgets that fowls never perspire, and that the hen's heart is beating 150 times per minute, and the little chicks still more, watch the flocks where they have a choice, and you will see that from ten to four o'clock one is hardly seen in the sun. Shade is as essential to the best results as is the sun. Chicks cannot do well in either shade or sunshine alone. So give them the choice of seeking the sun or shade at pleasure.—Michigan Poultry Breeder.

A CROSS of the Toulouse gander and Embden goose, says a poultry exchange, produces a goose larger than either of the parents. There is no profit in geese if they are confined. They do not lay eggs enough to make them an object for the incubator, as it is a prolific goose that lays as many as forty eggs a year. If allowed to keep their eggs they become broody when they have laid their first litter, but if the eggs are taken away they will lay again. A Cochon or Brahman hen may be made to hatch the eggs, but the hens are not always successful in the work. There is nothing that will equal the goose for hatching goslings, and if kept from the water for two weeks after hatching, she makes the best mother.

A TOUCHING OBITUARY.—"It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of G. H. M., of New York. He passed away on Monday morning, March 25th, after an illness of little more than three days. We had been acquainted for five years. We began in the poultry business at the same time, both buying Wyandotte eggs of the same man. The writer soon gave up the breed and kept only Langshans. But George kept his Wyandottes, bought only the best, bred carefully; and though we have seen many fine birds, we know of few which lay more and larger eggs or breed finer chicks than his do. We have had many fowls and eggs of him, and would as quick trust him as ourselves to ship eggs or to select stock."—Harper's Magazine for July.

"It is a fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

## Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. It is merit that wins, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it, is what has given it this medicine a popularity and sale greater than that of any other preparation of its kind. It is a blood purifier, a Merit Wins. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum and all Humors, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, overcomes that Tired Feeling, creates an Appetite, strengthens the Nerves, builds up the Whole System. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1 for \$5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

## Advice to the Aged.

Age brings infirmities, such as indigestion, weak bowels, weak kidneys and bladder and torpid liver.

## Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, giving natural discharges without straining or griping, and

## IMPARTING VIGOR

to the kidneys, bladder and liver. They are adapted to all ages.

## HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS



# Horticultural.

## New Small Fruits.

T. F. Longnecker, of Dayton, O., discussed the above subject before the American Nurserymen's Association at the late convention in Chicago. His opinions, and those of others who took part in the discussion, are epitomized as follows: While this is a day of novelties, he advised moderation on the part of nurserymen in sending out new things. He thinks that the comparative value of small fruits remains about the same throughout a wide section of country, though culture and a geographical location may modify their value. Small fruits should be better tested before they are given to the public, for which purpose the experiment stations should be more extensively utilized. From observations between the Allegheny and Rocky mountains, in the latitude of Dayton, he would say that the Crescent strawberry returns the most money for labor bestowed, of any variety. Bubach has proved reliable and profitable for market growers wherever tested. Cumberland and Sharpless are lacking in recommendations. Jessie is the best perfect bloomer of reasonable price for the general grower. Haverland (a Crescent seedling) is more vigorous than Crescent, and like it, universally satisfactory. He thinks Bubach and Haverland will supplant the present. Souhegan was the only raspberry spoken of. Mr. Longnecker assumed that the others deserving of notice were all known. It came out later, however, that the Ada is very promising of the newer ones. In early ripening kinds, thorns and productiveness go together. Of blacks, Ancient Briton, Agawan, Taylor and Snyder have proved most valuable in the Mississippi Valley. In the discussion that followed, the Warfield strawberry received considerable attention. Mr. Longnecker said it is inclined to run to plants, like the Crescent; he had heard good reports of it. Mr. Samuel, Clinton, Ky., says it does well on sandy soil with them. Geo. J. Kellogg, Janesville, Wis., considers Warfield equal to Crescent for productiveness. Jabez Webster, of Centralia, Ill., said Warfield brings \$1 more a case than any other kind; it is a splendid shipper. There is a clay soil. Woodruff and Warfield, when grown together, have this year given the best berries, the others have had black spots or buttons. These Prof. Budd ascribed to an uneven division of pollen. The following general remarks were jotted down: See's Green thinks well of Haverland, Bubach and Jessie. Mr. Kellogg thinks Bubach not bearing as well as it should. Jessie is better than last year, but there are too many half-hearted reports of it to suit him. Prof. Budd strongly favors a home lot of strawberries; would fertilize Crescent with Downer's Pollinizer—the largest berry-producing combination he knows of. He considers Pearl the best of new varieties. For a family lot, year in and year out, he would have one row of perfect kinds. Mr. Reed said the fruit of Warfield is superior in productiveness and quality to Crescent. See's Green said the Nemah raspberry is very similar to Gregg, only harder.

## Grafting Grape Vines.

Much has been written and various have been the theories and modes of practice advocated by those who have from time to time enlightened the public upon this subject. During the past thirty years I have experimented pretty largely in nearly all the methods I have seen recommended, and though I have had some measure of success in most of them, I have invariably had the best results from grafting in early spring, at the time when the first indications of the moving sap could be discovered and before the swelling of the buds or sap had commenced.

I have grafted in the fall; also during mild weather in winter; also late in the spring, after the leaves have partially developed. I have also sometimes grafted successfully during the great flow of sap or bleeding of the vine, but have found none of these periods so favorable as that of the early spring, above indicated.

It is also very necessary to work quickly and accurately, using a very keen, thin-bladed knife, and fitting the graft to the stock with the most perfect precision. Healthy and well-ripened wood for the graft is also indispensable.

The best size for general use is about that of a common lead pencil, though I have often used wood no larger than a knitting-needle. I have found it quite necessary that the graft should be below the ground, or, if this is impracticable, as near the ground as possible, afterwards raising a mound of earth around the graft until a union is formed. A graft may also be inserted in the end of a branch, which can be conveniently layered, burying the grafted portion beneath the surface.

In grafting large stocks it is better to take out a small, thin wedge, beveled in the center and terminating in a point below. Then cut the graft of the same form, a little thicker than the wedge removed, so that when removed it shall fit as accurately as possible. A better fit may be obtained in large stocks if the cleft be opened a little by a thin chisel or similar instrument, which, upon removal after the graft is set in place, allows the stock to close upon it with considerable force.

A ligature of strong bass matting, or in case this is not at hand, of flax or hemp twine, should be bound tightly about the stock and the parts above the graft covered with clay about the consistency of soft putty. Then earth up to the bud upon the graft; and if there is danger of freezing weather, it is well to cover the whole graft with sand or light earth, an inch or two above the bud.

I found little difference in results whatever stock was used. I have grafted upon the wild grape of our forests, upon nearly all the older cultivated kinds, and have also, by way of experiment, worked the mixed varieties upon our natives and the natives upon the foreign with equal success. If any difference has occurred worthy of notice it has been against the Clinton as a stock; for I have failed more frequently in my efforts to graft upon that variety than any other. Sometimes when grafts have been slow and weak in starting, I have found shading from the direct rays of the sun and occasional waterings in dry weather beneficial.—George W. Campbell, in *Homestead*.

## A New York Strawberry Field.

The *Utica Observer* says that in the vicinity of Utica there are about 300 acres under strawberry culture, the product being shipped to New York City. Of the method of keeping tally with the pickers the *Observer* says: "We will take for example the farm of E. L. Doty, which lies about a mile south of the village. Strawberries have been cultivated on this farm twenty-five years, Mr. A. E. Doty, the father, being the pioneer of the business in this section. There are now twenty-five acres of this farm set out to berries. At four o'clock in the morning from 100 to 125 boys, girls, women and men report for duty. Each is provided with a light stand about a foot high, on which is placed fifteen of the ordinary quart baskets. These stands sit over the rows of vines, and are moved forward as rapidly as the picker strips the berries from the vines. When the baskets on a stand are filled an attendant carries it to the edge of the field, where the baskets are placed in the crates without re-handling. The pickers work constantly till about 3:30 P. M., only stopping a few moments to eat the lunch they bring with them. They are paid 1 1/2 cents per quart. As fast as they fill their stands tickets are given them, showing how many quarts they have picked. At the close of the season these are cashed. Many of the pickers are boys and girls; women come next in number, and of men but few. Last Monday one Italian woman picked 179 quarts, but this is an unusual number, as she is peculiarly apt in stripping the juicy fruit from the vines. A field of pickers presents a curious sight. They are dressed in all sorts of costumes, are of all ages and sizes, and of mixed nationalities. Conversation is not forbidden, and jokes and gossip are freely exchanged. Occasionally some light heart breaks into song, while mischief often prompts the boys to exchange courtesies by shying a particularly large and ripe berry at some comrade. But discipline must be kept or the field would be a pandemonium, and the manager must be watchful and firm. Bending in the hot sun and slowly creeping beside the long rows, the pickers pile up the stands of ripe, fresh berries. Their hands, wrists and faces receive the scarlet stains in abundance, and the edge of the field where the crates are being packed and loaded is a study in red and green.

"The variety of berry most grown in Utica is the Wilson. It is a deep red, of medium size, and while quite tart still of a very pleasant flavor. It has probably the nearest flavor to the wild strawberry of any cultivated variety. It is the most popular and best known of all berries cultivated. It gained its popularity through a newspaper. In 1865, for the purpose of gaining subscribers, Horace Greeley offered to send to each subscriber of the *Tribune* one Wilson strawberry plant. And thus throughout all the northern and western States the Wilson came to be grown. In many cases the great strawberry industry had its start from the premium plant received with the *Tribune*. The benefits that have grown out of the distribution of these plants are not to be calculated, as it helped establish a business the proportions of which are growing rapidly larger.

"No picking is done on Saturday, except for near-by consumption, but on Sunday the vines are made to give up the yield ready for the Monday's market.

"Those who enjoy a day's outing in the country can nowhere find a more interesting place to go than among the strawberry fields, growers and pickers of pretty Utica, and as they seem to be very obliging and hospitable you are certain of a warm welcome and a chance to eat the strawberries fresh from the vines."

## The Merits of Various Strawberries.

From experience here in Connecticut, correspondence with leading fruit growers in every State in the Union and Canada, as well as from personal observation in fourteen of the Western States during the fruiting season, I would classify the leading varieties as follows:

The most productive—Pineapple, Hampden, Lida, Bubach, Windsor, Crescent, Jessie, Manchester and Warfield.

Largest berries—Jessie, Bomba, Jewell, Prince Logan, Ontario, Sharpless, Bubach, Belmont, Mammoth.

The best flavored berries—Prince, Gold, Miner, Belmont, Summit, Downing, Kentucky.

The earliest to ripen—May King, Iron Clad, Crescent, Parry, Lida, Warfield, Monmouth, Bubach, Hampden, Wilson.

The latest to ripen—Ohio, Kentucky, Windsor, Gandy, Manchester.

Best for light soil—Crescent, May King, Kentucky, Bubach, Miner, Downing.

Best for heavy clay soil—Jewell, Sharpless, Belmont, Logan, Jessie.

This classification is not given as an iron-clad rule to follow, but is general in its scope and each family will vary it somewhat to suit their own tastes and local conditions. It can, however, be used as a partial guide to assist in pointing out the way to a proper selection, either for home use or market.—J. H. Hale.

## Removing Raspberry Canes.

The exact time for removing the raspberry canes is a debatable question with many horticulturists, but in my opinion the vines do better if the canes are cut away right after the berries have been picked. If they are left until later an unnecessary amount of the vine's vitality goes into them and is lost without any compensating gain. After the berries have been produced the canes have served their purpose, and they are of no further use. If they are allowed to live and die a natural death, the drain upon the soil and plant is considerable. When removed all the nourishment furnished by the roots goes to make the young canes strong and vigorous, so that they are better developed and matured for the following season. There is also another advantage in early spring pruning. The green canes cut much easier than the dried ones, and the plant is not half pulled out of its bed in the operation of severing the large stalks. To avoid pulling the plant hand shears rather than a knife should be used for this work. Blackberry canes can be formed in the same way, with similar beneficial results. Some claim that by leaving the canes on until early spring the young shoots are thus protected; but the injury to these is usually done after the old vines are removed, when the green shoots have shivered their heads off before the last cold snap has gone. It is much better to cut

the canes in summer; then protect the roots of the vines with straw or leaves spread around them, which need not be removed until the young canes have begun to show their heads. Having received the full nourishment of strong healthy roots, they will then be better prepared to withstand rough weather.—George Wilson, in *N. E. Farmer*.

## Currulo and Cherries.

The following is a summary of the experiments and conclusions from Bulletin No. 4, Ohio Experiment Station.

1. These experiments were undertaken to learn what effect the application of London purple and lime to cherries, soon after the fruit forms, would have in preventing the injuries of the plum curculio, or in other words in lessening the number of wormy cherries.

2. For the carrying on of the experiment a half-acre orchard of bearing trees was set aside, and a part of it treated while the rest was left as a check.

3. London purple was applied in a water spray, mixed in the proportion of one-half pound to 50 gallons water.

4. Lime was applied in a water spray, mixed in the proportion of four quarts to 50 gallons, until the leaves were whitened.

5. The cherries were critically examined when nearly ripe and the number of specimens injured by the curculio recorded. In this way 32,500 cherries were individually cut open and recorded.

6. From eight trees sprayed thrice with London purple 3,000 cherries were examined, of which 280, or 3.5 per cent were wormy, while from seven companion trees not treated 7,500 were examined, of which 1,036 or 14.3 per cent were wormy. This represents a saving of 11.14 or 75.8 per cent of the fruit liable to injury.

7. From two trees sprayed four times with London purple 2,000 cherries were examined, of which 69, or 3.45 per cent were wormy.

8. Two quarts of cherries from each of these lots were chemically examined at the time of ripening by Professor H. A. Weber, and showed no trace of arsenic in any form.

9. Five trees sprayed four times with lime yielded 465 wormy cherries out of 5,000 examined, while five check trees yielded 775 wormy cherries from 5,000 examined. The percentage of the former was 9.3 while that of the latter was 15.6 which gives a percentage of benefit from the treatment of 40.3.

These experiments apparently show, so far as the results of a single season's work with a single variety of cherry can be relied on:

1. That three-fourths of the cherries liable to injury by the plum curculio can be saved by two or three applications of London purple in a water spray (in the proportion one ounce to five gallons water) made soon after the blossoms fall.

2. That if an interval of a month occurs between the last application and the ripening of the fruit no danger to health need be apprehended from its use. As a precautionary measure, however, I would advise in all cases, and especially when there are few rains during this interval, that the fruit be thoroughly washed before it is used.

3. That time is not so certain in its preventive effect as London purple, saving in these experiments only forty per cent of the fruit liable to injury.

## Brown Rot.

The vegetable pathologist of the Department of Agriculture, in his last report, says that of all diseases that affect the cultivated cherry, brown rot is the most wide-spread and destructive. It occurs everywhere and the resulting losses are often very great. It is due to the presence of a minute parasitic fungus that has received many names. It attacks sound and immature fruit as well as fruit that has been previously injured, and often destroys leaves, flowers, and even young branches. It makes its appearance on the flowers about the time the petals fall or soon after, and in a short time the whole flower assumes a dull brownish hue. The dead flowers remain on the trees, two, three or four weeks and then begin to fall. The rotting flowers are infectious, communicating the disease to any leaves or fruit they touch. A brownish spot appears on the fruit that becomes affected, and soon the entire cherry becomes brown, shrunken and soft. The stalk that supports the fruit becomes infected, and eventually the fruit and stalk fall to the ground, or dry up and remain hanging to the tree for a long time. It attacks the apple and peach, as well as the cherry.

The treatment: Spray the trees in the spring with a solution of four pounds sulphate of iron in five or six gallons of water. About the time the flowers appear, spray again with solution of half an ounce of sulphate of potassium in one gallon of water. The shriveled fruit should not be allowed to remain on the trees, but as the leaves fall, gather it all and burn or bury it.

## FLORICULTURAL.

A few sods and a little cow manure made into a heap now where you can throw kitchen slops, will make an excellent compost for your flower pots next summer.

A level tablespoonful of white hellebore in a gallon of water, applied to the foliage of roses either with a whisk-broom or through the fine rose of a watering can, is a sovereign remedy for the slug.

The *Orange County Farmer* says the best known way to fight the rose bug is to provide one's self with a pall containing a couple of inches of water with half an inch of kerosene on top, and knock off the bugs off into it. One touch of kerosene kills them.

Among the best hybrid perpetual roses for out door planting are *Alfred Colomb*, bright red; Gen. Jacquemont, dark crimson; Paul Neyron, the largest pink rose grown; Bonstetter, very dark crimson, almost black; American Beauty; Mabel Morrison, white. These will bloom the second year after planting. All of them need protection during the winter and careful pruning out of the old wood.

JOSIAH HOOPER, in the *N. Y. Tribune* says: "I regret to name the gold-banded lily, or *L. auratum*, as one not suited for

general cultivation. The first season after planting it is a glorious addition to any flower-garden, but each year thereafter, like the hyacinth, it gradually decreases in size and effectiveness, until it ceases to live. I have had this lily succeed satisfactorily two or three years, and then mysteriously pass away without any apparent cause. Lilies are all fond of deep, light, moderately rich soil, with perfect drainage, and should have a fair amount of sand incorporated with it. Do not set the bulbs too deep; three or four inches will be sufficient, and in all cases place a handful of sand under each. Set in early autumn and mulch lightly with some light material—sphagnum-moss is as good as anything. When growing never neglect to stake the stems securely."

The trailing arbutus, the golden rod, the kalmia or mountain laurel, the violet, the sunflower, the water lily, and many other flowers have been suggested as suitable for adoption as a national flower. The arbutus and kalmia are found only on restricted areas, the golden rod is widely diffused, but regarded as a weed; the violet is beautiful but not emblematic, it is humble and modest and the Yankee nation is "not built that way;" the sunflower is so everlastingly seedy; the water lily is too slovenly in its purity—in fact an objection seems to be attached to every flower as yet suggested. How would the wild rose do? It is beautiful, and it hath its thorns, reminding outsiders that it is not to be roughly handled. England's symbol is a rose, but it is a double one, and is usually combined with the shamrock and thistle, emblems of Ireland and Scotland, but why the fragrant emblem of Wales, the leek, is omitted from the bouquet, we cannot say. By all means let us have a national flower.

WM. TOOLE, of Baraboo, Wis., grows three-quarters of an acre of pansies, and is known in all the country round as "the pansy man." He grows flowers three inches in diameter on plants eighteen inches across, and on which he can count 100 flowers open at one time. Mr. Toole says the ability of the pansy to stand hot weather depends greatly on its treatment. If the soil is rich enough, and not too dry, or in too hot a situation, pansies, with frequent cultivation, will stand a long siege of hot weather, if no seeds are allowed to form. With this one can have pansies from young plants in midsummer. The plants which have flowered in the spring, will do well again in the fall, if the long branches are cut back late in June. The plants which have flowered through the summer and fall will usually winter over well if protected by a light covering of straw or leaves, but thorough surface drainage must be provided to prevent water from accumulating around the plants and forming ice about them. In the cold frames a considerable mixture of sand is desirable, as the plants with protection winter better in sandy than clayey soil.

## Horticultural Items.

The shipment of apples to Great Britain in 1888-89 was the largest on record, amounting to 1,407,409 barrels.

Over eight thousand crates of strawberries were shipped from Benton Harbor and St. Joseph on June 24th.

The report of the Ohio State Horticulture Society says: Souhegan and Taylor are almost identical. They are both profitable, early raspberries. The only rival in earliness and productiveness to them is Palmer's Early.

Hill culture seems to be getting into disfavor among commercial growers of the strawberry in Ohio. They say they get just as many little berries in hills as in thin planted rows. The largest certified yields are from the matted row system of planting.

STRAWBERRY growers are beginning to complain that the competition of foreign tropical fruits, imported free of duty, is badly injuring their market. The banana and pineapple are in season just as the strawberry comes in, and compete with it, lowering prices below a profit.

The South Haven *Messenger* of July 5th says two strawberries measuring nine inches in circumference and weighing 2 1/2 ounces each, were exhibited there the last week in June. This is positively the last big strawberry story. The man who tells his story last always has the best chance.

MR. J. H. HALE, of South Glastenbury, spreads four hundred pounds of muriate of potash upon his peach orchard every year, and one thousand pounds of raw bone. He has thrifty, healthy trees. He grows Mountain Rose, Oldmixon, Stump-the-World, Late Crawford, Morris White and Ward's Late.

The Benton Harbor *Palladium* mentions the extraordinary size of some Sharpless strawberries sent to that office. Mr. W. L. Hogue sent one 6 1/2 inches in circumference; J. H. Chivvis four berries, two of which were 5 1/2 inches, one 5 1/4 and one 7 1/4 inches in circumference. Mr. G. Hull raised a dozen which filled a quart box. The Lansing *Republican* comes forward with a box-full, averaging five inches in circumference, and twenty-four of which made a pound. How many would make a man a meal was not stated.

POSITIVELY THE LAST.—This is the Benton Harbor *Palladium's* last strawberry story. We regard it as a good thing for our contemporary's truth and veracity that the strawberry season is over: "A Coxcomb strawberry from the farm of Mr. Peter Weber in Bainbridge, was exhibited in this office Friday evening which is the largest strawberry the writer ever saw. It actually measured 8 1/2 inches one way and 7 1/2 inches the other, and with the stem and accompanying berries weighed 4 1/2 ounces. There were originally 16 berries on one stalk, and 13 developed, 12 surrounding the big berry like so many chickens about a mother hen."

A MASSACHUSETTS man has made blueberries a profitable crop for the past 15 years. (He did not obtain his stock of the only and original Delos bushes of Michigan). He had ten acres of low bush blueberry brush, and manages as follows: "Every year, in the month of August or September, I mow over about two acres, cutting the bushes as closely as I can without disturbing the roots too much. As soon as the bushes are dry, I set fire to them and burn the ground over clean. In the spring new shoots will start up and make a vigorous growth, but there will be no berries the first year. The second year I will warrant a crop of nine large berries. By cutting down a portion every year the supply is kept good. I have tried whortleberries with

the same result, but have only a few bushes on my place. If any one has a pasture with old bushes in it and will try this simple plan, he will get all the berries he wants, besides improving the looks of the pasture."

## Apianian.

For the Michigan Farmer.  
THE FIRST YEAR OF BEEKEEPING.

Disposing of the Surplus Crop.

The time of year is now approaching for the beekeeper to rejoice if he has been successful in securing a good surplus crop, and if we have done our duty in the matter we have nothing to reproach ourselves if we have made or experienced a failure. But from reports gleaned from all parts of the United States I think every progressive beekeeper has been well paid for his or her efforts thus far; but we are not done yet. There is, in most localities, considerable honey in the hives yet and should be considerable stored in the honey house awaiting the market.

I have learned from experience that it is one thing to raise a crop but quite another to dispose of it to the best advantage, and I must insist that you leave no stone unturned to dispose of it in your home market. Don't send it to the commission merchant if you can help it, for every pound sent to the large cities to be piled up to await purchasers tends to lower the price of your home market. I dispose of thousands of pounds annually within a radius of thirty miles of my apiary, and the best method that I have found is to use a pretty show case, similar to the one illustrated below, have your name nicely printed on each side, and furnish each grocer with case with the understanding he is to have the use of it as long as he handles your honey, then see that none but the first quality goes into that case; weigh every section, and mark the price plainly on each section or pall. The grocer will be pleased with this, as all he has to do is to hand out a section or pall without any weighing or darning, which is the great objection to handling honey. Besides, you set your own price, and prevent one grocer from cutting below another and ruining your market in this way. For convenience I have been in the habit of marking my comb honey at 16 cents a pound, or one cent an ounce, and my extracted honey at 10 cents per pound, including and I consider it gives me a fair margin on the cost of production and capital invested. I think it very unjust to mark all sections of honey at the same price, as the so-called pound sections will vary from 10 to 18 ounces. Of course the first purchaser will select the plumpest one and the last must take the leavings; but as a rule these small and inferior sections are palmed off on some poor unsuspecting or ignorant child that ought to have full measure if any one should. May God help us to deal honestly with our fellow men, but especially with the children, "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."



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There are other methods of disposing of our surplus crop, and we will talk a little more about it in our next.

GEORGE E. HILTON.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success. I have been successful in the production of Comb Honey for the past ten years, and my little pamphlet "How I produce Comb Honey" briefly explains the method I pursue. By mail, 5 cts. per copy; per M., \$3.00. My illustrated price list of General Supplies, Bees and Queens.

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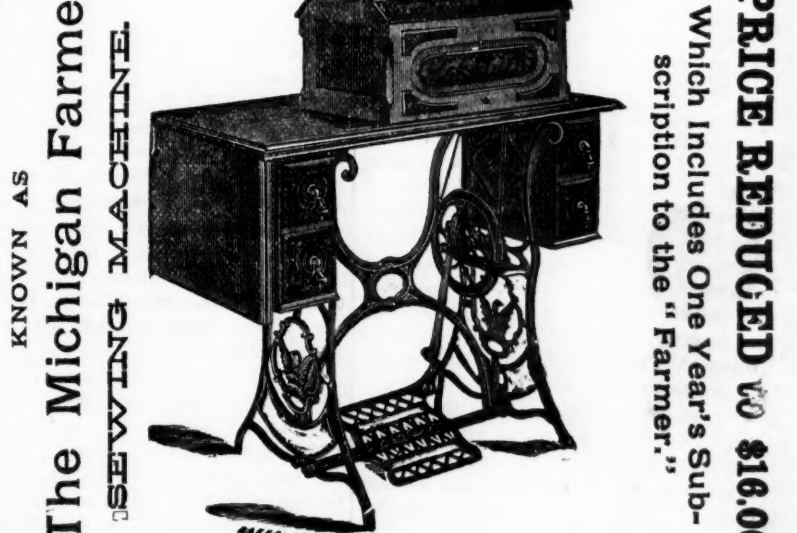
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OF THE IMPROVED SINGER PATTERN.



Over 1,500 in Use in this State!

The above represents the Machine which we sell at \$16 and throw in a Year's Subscription to the Farmer. It is very nicely finished, perfect in all respects, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. We are contracting for large quantities and furnishing them to our customers at about cost. Agents' and dealers' profits can be saved and one of the best Machines obtained by ordering from us. A full set of attachments included with each Machine.

These Machines Guaranteed for Five Years

Purchaser pays freight, which runs from 65c. to 90c. on each machine, according to location of purchaser.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ORDERS.

Samples of these machines can be seen at this office. Address orders to

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a quarrel about two weeks ago, and has just died from blood poisoning.

A farmer of Ovid township, Branch County, hitched three wagons to his traction engine and took his neighbors to Coldwater Lake for a day's pleasure on the 11th.

Mr. Wm. Benson, a venerable Methodist clergyman, well known in the southern part of the State, died of paralysis at his home in Adrian, this week, aged 69 years.

C. C. Vaughn has bought the St. John's Republic of this Fall, consideration \$2,000. Mr. Vaughn is an experienced newspaper man, well calculated to build up the paper.

Michigan's output of salt for June was 292,157 barrels. In the year ending June 30, 1889, 1,765,407 barrels were imported. In this State, we cannot be such a "fresh" nation, after all.

The Sulphite Fibre Works at Port Huron are doing a large business, selling 250 tons of sulphite to eastern markets last week. The quality of the product is said to be unequalled.

Ocean County peach-growers are congratulating themselves on having, since the peach right side up when it rains porridge. The peach crop will be comparatively small in the peach belt, but the crop in Ocean is large.

Joseph McDonald, a well known citizen and mill owner of Akron, Tuscola County, has been missing about a month. His remains were recently found in a swamp, and it is believed murder was committed for purpose of robbery.

The Hutchinson Manufacturing Company has decided to remain at Jackson, has made contracts for the erection of more commodious shops, and sold the old plant to Molony & Son, who will manufacture house-building material on a large scale.

Fred Conklin, of Adrian, who went to Denmark in June, returned on the 10th, and entering his father's shop, robbed the safe of John C. Mason, treasurer of the Industrial State board, of \$500, and attempted to leave town. He was arrested, however.

Wm. Sharkey, arrested for the murder of Ocean County on June 25th, when arraigned at Jackson and confronted with the testimony against him, broke down and confessed his connection with the crime, implicating Taylor and Hathaway, both of whom are under arrest.

A railroad official says that one of the immediate results of the two-cent railroad legislation will be the abrogation of all excursion business at exorbitant rates and a close examination of full legal rates from every one who rides without reference to class or occasion of their journey.

A stranger spending the 4th in Jackson, lay down on a bench in the park to rest a few minutes and fell asleep. A small boy, excited by a giant firecracker carried to his head, who was effectively awaked. His eyes escaped injury, but he will carry a powder-marked face until he dies.

addressed the constitutional convention in session at St. Louis, Pa., petitioning to have a clause inserted in the constitution exempting them from military service. They left Russia to escape such service.

A cloudburst at Johnston, N. Y., on the 9th, deluged the village, the water rising to a height of 15 feet. Thirty or forty persons were viewing the flood from a bridge when one end of it dropped into the water. Four persons were drowned and ten are missing.

The coroner's jury which inquired into the cause of the Johnston, Pa., disaster, holds the owners of the dam responsible for the loss of life and property. That is mighty poor consolation to the survivors whose beloved ones were swept into eternity by the awful destruction.

The Honorable steel works at Pittsburgh, Pa., of which Andrew Carnegie is the head, has offered a new scale to its 3,000 employees, who refuse it because it reduces wages 25 per cent. Their impression is that their employer's record would be more brilliant if he would make fewer gifts to get in the papers and pay his struggling workmen living wages.

Chicago has enlarged its boundaries by taking in five large suburbs with a population of 275,000, and now puts on airs as the second city in the United States. In 1880 it stood fourth in the list of cities. When the city is arranged under its increased territory, it will have 36 wards and 72 aldermen, and the man who refuses to join encounters a determined war which forces him into the trust or into bankruptcy.

Col. Stephen Preston, son of the Haytian minister to the United States, says Gen. Contreras is responsible for the loss of the warship Madrid and its crew of 36 sailors. He says Contreras placed a dynamite bomb on board the Madrid, and his duty in attempting to destroy the ship by firing proved ineffectual, and has openly admitted that he had done so. He presented a bill of \$1,000 for doing this dastardly deed, and Lexington promptly ordered him out of the country, on 48 hours notice.

The long expected prize fight between Sullivan and Kilrain took place the first of the week at Richburg, Miss., a town owned by a Dr. Rich, who holds title to 3,000 acres of land there. Sullivan was victorious. As soon as the battle was over, an undignified skedaddle commenced, all concerned fearing arrest. Sullivan and Johnson were arrested at Nashville on Thursday, on a telegram from the governor of Mississippi, but a Nashville judge held the officers had exceeded their duty in arresting them, and released the two. Kilrain fled into Kentucky.

Willie Clark, 69 years of age, and a resident of Sparta, N. Y., for 70 years, was evicted from his home by a sheriff, under circumstances as pitiful as any ever attending an Irish eviction. Mr. Clark was once a wealthy farmer, owning 500 acres of land and noted for his liberality. After he became too feeble to manage his property himself relatives so managed that the estate had to be sold to satisfy creditors. He was carried into the street on a sofa and his household effects placed by him, although he was ill and the time, and there was none of all who had been befriended by him in his prosperous days to give him shelter. The poormaster came to the rescue and placed him in comfortable quarters.

Foreign.

Wilde Collins, the famous English novelist, is dangerously ill at his home in London, with little hope of recovery. He is 61 years old.

Admiral Krantz, French minister of marine, says France needs several new ships of war, which will cost in the neighborhood of 50,000,000 francs.

There was a horse battle between Reptilians and humans on the 10th inst. this week, and the Reptilians were victorious. The humans were driven off from the main body fought desperately until every one was killed. Two hundred and fifty were taken prisoner.

The city of Naples, Italy, has been a scene of cleaning and rebuilding, but heretofore paralleled in the history of the world. It is the most thickly populated city in the world, and the quarter to be rebuilt contains a population of 200,000. This area is to be depopulated and new buildings put up. The work includes the demolition of 1,000 houses, 42 churches, 144 old streets, and the widening of 172 others, and the cost of the work is to be borne by the government, which will pay 23,750,000 for the property destroyed. This action has been contemplated since the cholera epidemic of 1884, when the city was almost entirely destroyed by the pestilence and death.

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## Poetry.

## THE CHIMES OF AMSTERDAM.

Far up above the city,  
In the gray old belfry tower,  
The chimes ring out their music  
Each day at the twilight hour;  
Above the din and tumult,  
And the rush of the busy street,  
You can hear their solemn voices,  
In an anthem clear and sweet.

When the busy day is dying,  
And the sunset glows, wide,  
Mark a path of crimson glory,  
Upon the restless tide,  
As the white-winged ships drop anchor,  
And furl their snowy sails,  
While the purple twilight gathers,  
And the glowing crimson pales;

Then from the old gray belfry,  
The chimes peal out again,  
And a hush succeeds the tumult,  
As they ring their sweet refrain;  
No sound of discordant clangor  
Mars the perfect melody,  
But each, attuned by a master hand,  
Has its place in the harmony.

I climbed the winding stairway  
That led to the belfry tower,  
As the sinking sun in the westward  
Heralded twilight's hour;  
For I thought that surely the music  
Would be clearer and sweeter far  
Than when through the din of the city  
It seemed to float from afar.

But lo, as I neared the belfry,  
No sound of music was there,  
Only a blazen clangor  
Disturbed the quiet air!  
The ringers stood at a keyboard,  
Far down beneath the chimes,  
And patiently struck the noisy keys,  
As he had unaccounted times.

He had never heard the music,  
Though every day it swept  
Over the sea and the city,  
And in lingering echoes crept.  
He knew not how many sorrows  
We are cheered by the evening strain,  
And how they seemed to listen  
As they heard the sweet refrain.

He only knew his duty,  
And he did it with patient care;  
But could not hear the music  
That flooded the quiet air;  
Only the jar and the clamor  
Fell harshly on his ear,  
And he missed the mellow chiming  
That every one else could hear.

So we from our quiet watch-towers  
May be sending a sweet refrain,  
And gladdening the lives of the lowly,  
Though we hear not a single strain.  
Our work may seem but a discord,  
Though we do the best we can;  
But others will hear the music,  
If we carry out God's plan.

Far above a world of sorrow,  
And o'er the eternal sea,  
It will blend with angelic anthems  
In sweetest harmony;  
It will ring in lingering echoes  
Through the corridors of the sky,  
And the strains of earth's minor music  
Will swell the strains on high.

—The Congregationalist.

## THE LITTLE HIGH CHAIR.

In an attic deserted, softly away,  
A little high chair I discovered to-day,  
In a dingy dark corner, with cobwebs o'er-  
grown—  
But who was its owner a something unknown.

A round or two broken, a break from the seat,  
The back partly patched up, and nowhere com-  
plete.  
With the paint strangely tortured by patches  
quite bare,  
Makes lone and pathetic the little high chair.

The child who sat in it, I venture to say,  
Is a tottering old man, if he's living to-day.  
What fields he has conquered, what prospects  
found fair,  
No record or person is here to declare.

Yet, born with his youth, this one relic remains  
From a far distant time, when life's contest and  
pains  
Stood far in abeyance, and naught could impair  
The career that should start from the little high  
chair.

Did its subject, tied up there, so proud on his  
throne,  
Go out through the world a great power, or  
unknown?

Was the joy that youth promised fulfilled, or a  
snare?  
No answer comes back from the little high chair.

The mother who cherished the child that it bore,  
And all who once knew it have gone on before,  
But a history of some sort, forbidding or fair,  
Begins every day from some little high chair.

—Jost Benton.

## Miscellaneous.

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Five years ago I was a bachelor with an in-  
come of \$5,000 a year and nothing in the  
world to worry about, except a conspiracy on  
the part of the Boston laundries to ruin my  
neck and my disposition.

My law business in Boston occupied so  
much of my time, and my cigar at the Sam-  
oset club beatified so much of the rest of it,  
that I rarely gave a thought to the subject of  
matrimony.

It happened, however, as we were sitting  
before the open fire in the card room of the  
Samoset club one chilly evening in November,  
my intimate friend, Chauncy Webster,  
asked me: "Charlie, why in the world don't  
you get married?"

"Why don't you?" I retorted.

"I mean to try it one of these days," said  
Chauncy.

"Rather a risky experiment, my boy?"

"That's so. I can't help thinking of poor  
Perk. Weybrandt."

"Let's see—the girl threw him over,  
didn't she?"

"Yes, and he's completely broken. A  
confoundedly pretty girl they tell me she is—  
the kind I shall take pains not to fall in  
love with."

"Same here."

"Give me one of your plain, practical,  
harmless women!"

"Seems to me you're rather particular.  
I give me none at all!"

"Charles, you flatter yourself, as usual.  
You're as liable as any man of my acquaint-  
ance to tumble into the same kind of a pit  
that swallowed unlucky Perk. Weybrandt.  
Men of your stamp always surrender to a  
pair of eyes and a dimple, when their turn  
comes."

"Chauncy, if you were not a very dear  
friend of mine, I should tell you that you're  
a noodle; but under the circumstances I will

beg you to change the subject. Did you know  
that I have a new ambition?"

"What is it?"

"To be an amateur photographer. I think  
I shall get a camera."

"Great Scott!"

"And why great Scott?"

"You'll tire of it in a week and stow it  
away with your archery outfit. A camera!  
Pooh!"

And Chauncy laughed so heartily that the  
fellows looked up from their whist.

"Another one of Overlock's jokes?" asked  
Col. Bisbee, slapping a thirteenth on the  
table and getting the odd trick.

"Yes," said Chauncy, "and the greatest  
joke of all. The old man's going to get a  
camera."

A titter rippled through the room.

But I smoked away placidly and did not  
allow this demonstration to embarrass me in  
the least. It only strengthened my native  
resolution, which always draws nourishment  
from opposition or ridicule.

The next day I bought a camera. It was  
a large, serviceable 8x10 box, with all the  
latest improved attachments. After a few  
months' practice I could do very good work  
with it and soon became recognized as one  
of the expert members of that association of  
amateurs, the Dry Plate club.

"The most charming views in the coun-  
try," exclaimed Samuels, one of the best of  
the "Dry Plate" artists, when I told him,  
one summer morning, that I proposed to  
spend my vacation at Bar Harbor and to take  
my kit with me; and I set out for Mt. Desert  
full of enthusiasm over the prospect of a few  
weeks' uninterrupted enjoyment of my fa-  
vorite diversion.

At sunrise, on the day following my ar-  
rival, I took my box and wandered out on the  
Otter cliffs road, thinking nobody would be  
abroad to bother me at that early hour.

A picturesque stretch of shore and bay,  
with a fisherman's sail in the distance, took  
my fancy, while I was gazing from one of  
the cliffs; I hurriedly leveled my camera and  
snapped the shutter as quickly as I could,  
hoping to get a good picture of that flying  
yacht.

It was a mild oath from my lips!

I seldom guilty of such an offense, but  
I could not help it this time. At the precise  
second when I exposed the plate, a woman  
appeared on the edge of the cliff in the  
direct range of the camera—just as if she  
had sprung up out of the rock.

The picture was spoiled, I knew, and that  
boat was rapidly flying out of sight.

I sprang to arrange a second plate; then a  
guilty feeling came over me and I looked up  
to apologize to the lady.

"I beg your pardon."

But she wasn't there. She had gone as  
suddenly as she had come.

Before looking further for her I readjusted  
my camera and took my picture, catching  
the sail just before it disappeared.

Then I had time to investigate what at  
first seemed to be a mystery, but did not re-  
main a mystery long.

The sound of laughing voices gave me a  
clue, and I saw that one of a party strolling  
along the lower coast line had sportively left  
them and climbed up the shelving rocks to  
the top of the cliff where I stood, remaining  
on its edge for a moment only, and then  
jumped down to rejoin her friends.

I had glorious success that day. The at-  
mosphere was clear, my camera worked to a  
charm and I was fortunate in choosing  
points of view. I arrived at my hotel an  
hour before dinner in a glow of enthusiasm  
and as hungry as a tramp, having entirely  
forgotten lunch in my preoccupation with  
my art.

The incident on the cliff did not recur to  
me until the next morning, when, looking  
over my plates, I came upon the one which  
had been spoiled. My first impulse was to  
throw it away, then I discovered that I had  
accidentally taken an excellent picture of a  
rather good looking young woman, and I  
concluded to keep it. "I can hang a story  
on it that will amuse the boys," I said.

I was much pleased with my success in  
manipulating it. The result was a clear and  
well shaded picture—an unusually good bit  
of work for an amateur. Samuels could  
have done better, or any of the Dry Plate  
club fellows, I thought. I became decidedly  
proud of the photograph and frequently  
found myself studying it and admiring its  
fine points. The subject was a young wo-  
man of, I should say, 23 or 24 years, tall, full  
cheeked, with a straight nose that took beau-  
tifully, and a plump arm whose round lines  
I had worked up with pleasure. Her features  
were admirably adapted to a profile view,  
and there was an animation and buoyancy  
in her pose as I caught it that added much  
to the brilliancy of the picture.

I could almost see motion in it, and regret-  
ted that I could not. My only regret was  
that I could not be positive as to the fi-  
delity of the likeness. She had passed into  
and out of my sight like a flash, and my only  
conception of her was that furnished by the  
photograph itself. I had no evidence as to  
whether it was a true picture or not. Hop-  
ing to satisfy myself on this point, I closely  
watched the cards and the hotel piazzas, but  
failed to get another glimpse of the young  
lady. I showed the picture to several of my  
Bar Harbor acquaintances. They were  
warm in their praises of its beauty, but none  
of them recognized the face.

I left Bar Harbor in the height of the sea-  
son. The ferry boats were crowded, but I  
managed to secure a seat in the bow and  
dipped into a new novel on the trip across  
the bay. On taking the cars I hurried to get  
a chair in a Pullman and then immediately  
settled down to my novel again.

Business would detain me over night in  
Bangor. When the train arrived there I  
stepped into the station restaurant to buy a  
cigar, and encountering a legal friend, stop-  
ped to chat a moment. I came out of the  
restaurant just in time to see the train mov-  
ing through the station on its way west, and  
with an idle curiosity I scanned the faces in  
the car windows as they passed.

You anticipate what I am about to tell.  
Yes, I saw her! I knew it was her face at  
once. She was in the rear Pullman and prob-  
ably had been sitting there all the way from  
Bar Harbor ferry. How stupid in me not to  
have looked through the train!

The next second I involuntarily made a  
spring from the restaurant door towards that  
car, then twenty feet away and moving rap-  
idly.

"Don't! Don't! do that!" exclaimed my  
friend, clutching my coat.

"No—that won't do, sir," said a burly por-  
ter, placing himself in front of me.  
I was sensible of coloring, and felt con-  
fused for a moment; then I laughed and said:  
"I merely wished to get a look; I fancied I  
recognized a face behind a car window."

"I thought you couldn't be crazy enough  
to try to board the train," said my friend, in  
a relieved tone.

From the station I went directly to a hotel,  
had my trunks brought up to my room, and  
took out that picture.

I had not been mistaken. It was her face  
that I saw through the plate glass of the car  
window.

The picture now had a new value for me.  
In the first place, I was sure that it was a  
perfect likeness; and then that brief glance  
had satisfied me that she was really a beau-  
tiful woman. I saw that what I had at first  
considered a provoking accident was a piece  
of good luck; it had given to me an ideal  
face and figure—a tout ensemble which the  
Dry Plate club men would rave over.

But I never showed it to the Dry Plate  
club. It occurred to me that this would be an  
indelicate thing to do, considering the way  
in which the picture came into my posses-  
sion. I kept it on my mantel for my per-  
sonal admiration. Every morning I took it  
in my hands and gave it a long look. One  
morning I felt a desire to press it to my lips  
—and did so.

But I gave up my camera, owing to the ex-  
actions of my profession and other reasons.  
I packed it away with my old bows and ar-  
rows, taking pleasure in the act of demon-  
strating that it was as easy for me to over-  
come a taste as to form one.

Callers rarely came to my bachelor quar-  
ters, and none of my Boston friends saw the  
likeness of my unknown till Col. Bisbee  
dropped in one evening.

"Halloo!" he said, looking at the picture;  
"where'd you get that?"

"Why?"

"Seems to me I've seen that face before—  
either the original or another photo."

"Where?"

"Blamed if I know."

"But you'd know if you'd only stop to  
think."

"Pon honor, Charles, I can't remember.  
But who is she?"

"Don't know."

"Oh, come, Charles!"

"That's business. I've not the slightest  
idea who she is; but by Jove, I mean to find  
out!"

"Um-hum, um-hum!—why?"

"The picture has a history."

"Um-hum!—I thought so."

"Not such a history as you suppose, colo-  
nel; and I don't want you to speak of it in  
that tone."

Then I gave him a full account of my Bar  
Harbor adventure and my unavailing efforts  
to discover the identity of the young wo-  
man.

"You may think it an odd case, colonel,"  
said I, "but I've made up my mind to find  
that woman if it takes every dollar I've got."

The colonel looked at me with a curious  
expression.

"An odd case, eh?" said he. "No, nothing  
so very odd about it—simply a case of falling  
in love—of falling in love with a  
'pretty face'!"

And with a leer that was not half so effec-  
tive as he evidently imagined it to be, the  
colonel picked up his hat and walked laugh-  
ingly out of the room, without waiting to  
hear my reply.

The colonel's egotism did not affect my es-  
teem for him. I have always said that ego-  
tism is a desirable possession, and have  
always credited myself with having just  
about enough.

Bisbee believed that he had told me some-  
thing, but he hadn't. I knew that I was  
in love, had known it for some time, and had  
offered no opposition to the development of  
the passion. Had I resisted it with my  
native resolution, the result would have been  
altogether different, for if ever a man pos-  
sessed the faculty of self control, I believe I  
have it.

A few evenings after Bisbee's call I un-  
bosomed myself to Chauncy Webster at the  
club.

"Chauncy," said I with great firmness,  
"I'm going to marry that woman."

"But Charles!"

"But what?"

"Suppose you can't find her?"

"When I set about a thing I always ac-  
complish it. That has been the rule of my  
life."

"But suppose she won't have you?"

"Oh, as for that, I guess she won't refuse  
me. Oh, no, Chauncy! Ha, ha!"

"Don't you remember how poor Perk.  
Weybrandt came out?"

"That's true; it is not fair," I replied, with  
quiet dignity. "Perk. and I are two differ-  
ent persons. He has no will of his own."

I lighted a fresh cigar and noticed that  
Chauncy was seized with a sudden fit of  
coughing.

"Those odious brimstone matches of  
yours!" he muttered.

"Take a swallow of wine."

"Come," said he with sudden enthusiasm,  
"let's both of us drink to the beautiful  
stranger!" and each of us drained a glass.

"Chauncy!" I exclaimed with feeling  
"you can't sympathize with me because you  
never were in love. You don't know what  
it is to lavish all your heart's warmth on one  
person and on one alone! I never loved a  
woman till I saw that face, and I know I  
never can love another. She is my fate,  
Chauncy."

"I wish I knew who mine is!"

"Let's drink to her, whoever she may be!"  
—and we finished the bottle.

From that time on, for many months, my  
life was a quest. The fall, winter and spring  
passed without bringing any light; but my  
purpose never wavered and my courage  
never waned.

In July, I arranged to take a longer vaca-  
tion than usual and started for Bar Harbor  
on the 3rd, leaving directions that my mail  
should be forwarded to me at that place. I  
found many of my old friends there and was  
invited to numerous hops, luncheons and pic-  
nics. Contrary to my custom, I accepted all  
these invitations, hoping to meet her—but  
everywhere I was disappointed.

I quickly lost my relish for these gayeties  
and began to think of making a tour of other  
watering places in the prosecution of my  
search. One morning, when I was on the  
bank of leaving Bar Harbor, I called at the  
postoffice clerk and was handed a square,  
flat, firm little package, bearing the imprint

of a well known New York photographer.  
Some friend evidently had remembered me.  
I waited until I returned to my hotel and  
then opened the envelope.

I confessed that I was surprised, yes,  
amazed, yes, agitated, at first. It was one  
of the rare occasions in my life when my  
emotions temporarily unbalanced my reason.  
Before me was the face of the object of my  
search—the duplicate of the figure I had  
photographed on the cliff!

For a few moments my mind seemed to be  
in a whirl, but I soon recovered myself pos-  
session, and the significance of the receipt  
of the picture gradually dawned on me.  
After canvassing thoroughly every explana-  
tion that suggested itself I could come but  
to one conclusion. It was clear that by  
some fortunate accident my pursuit and had  
become aware of my pursuit and had em-  
ployed this delicate means to encourage it.  
No other supposition seemed half so  
rational as this.

That New York photographer!  
I hurriedly left Bar Harbor and went by  
the fastest night and day trains to the me-  
tropolis, where I readily found the artist.  
Did he remember the lady who sat for this  
picture?

No.

Of course he had her name on his book?  
He had thousands of names on his book.  
How could he tell which one belonged to this  
picture?

But had he not preserved the negative?  
Unfortunately for him all his negatives  
had been destroyed by the fire that burned  
his studio a few months ago.

Then he had no way of ascertaining whose  
picture it was?

None. The young lady was simply one of  
a miscellaneous thousand.

Of course I was disappointed. I had sup-  
posed the photographer could give me the  
information that I desired. My supposition  
was not at fault. The fire only had felled  
my plans.

But I took up the pursuit again with even  
greater earnestness and determination. I  
spent two weeks in the city, searching all  
the time, and engaged a Pinkerton man to  
help me. Then I visited Long Branch,  
Saratoga, Adirondacks, hoping to find her,  
but failing in vain.

The calls of my business grew urgent, and  
the 10th day of September found me in New  
York again, approaching the Grand Central  
station to take a homeward bound train.

As a coupe, driven rapidly from the sta-  
tion, dashed by me, I caught a glimpse of a  
woman's face in the carriage.

It was her face!

I staggered—then bounded into the road,  
shouting to the driver of the coupe. He did  
not hear me, and I dashed after him deter-  
mined to stop him. A question or two  
answered by him, and I would be a made  
man!

Suddenly, while running and shouting, I  
heard a loud cry behind me—then immedi-  
ately felt an awful shock, heard a great roar-  
ing inside my head, lost my sight and fell—  
while that coupe went rattling off and some-  
thing rolled crashing over me.

For hours I knew nothing. When I re-  
covered my consciousness I was in a hos-  
pital with strangers around me. They told  
me that a pair of horses and a hack had run  
over me. I was not permanently injured,  
but could not be removed to Boston for sev-  
eral days.

I had many pains, but the worst of them  
came from the fact that I had lost her again.  
Still my native resolution buoyed me up, and  
I determined to recommence my search as  
soon as my ribs had knit together. I was  
confident that the girl was somewhere in  
New York.

When I reached my quarters in Boston I  
found a card from Chauncy Webster invit-  
ing me to his wedding. The note had been  
sent to Bar Harbor and returned, and had  
lain on my table for several weeks. The  
date of the ceremony had passed, and I  
could only write Chauncy a letter of congrat-  
ulation and explanation.

The news did not surprise me in the least.  
I had always looked upon Chauncy as a  
merry man.

"But the joke of it is," said Col. Bisbee,  
who came in to inquire about my progress  
one day; "the joke of it is, he has married  
the same beautiful creature who once jilted  
poor Perk. Weybrandt."

"Yes?"

"Aren't you rather surprised at that?"

"No; I knew he'd marry that kind of a  
woman."

"Confound it, Charles! You're never  
surprised at anything!"

Bisbee spluttered but why as if he were  
vexed with me; but why he should have  
been is more than I know.

The shock from my accident was greater  
than I had supposed, and I had to stay cou-  
ched up in my room for weeks. Now and  
then a caller came in; my supply of reading  
matter was ample, and the picture on the  
mantel went far toward making me content-  
ed. It was always the first picture, the one  
I took myself on the rock. The second  
was shut up in my album. For some reason  
either I did not feel so strongly attached  
to it.

One day, when my recovery was nearly  
complete, Chauncy Webster burst into my  
room and seized my hand.

"Heard all about your accident before I  
got your letter—deuced sorry you couldn't  
come to the wedding—drove right here as  
soon as I reached Boston," said he, and then  
happening to glance at the picture on the  
mantel, he exclaimed with a start: "But  
say, here! Where'd you get that?"

"Do you recognize it?" I asked.

"Recognize it! Well, I should think I  
ought to! And he broke into a laugh as he  
seized the picture and scanned it closely.

"Who is it?" I demanded.

"You know who it is, of course?"

"Your assumption is wrong, as your as-  
sumptions usually are."

"Come, now! Get down from your high  
horse, old man," said Chauncy, with a queer  
look; "who do you think it is?"

"Is it your wife?" I asked, coolly, feeling  
all the while as if somebody had taken the  
trouble to break my ribs again.

Chauncy looked at the picture and laughed  
as before.

"Really," said he, "this is quite a predic-  
ament."

"Never mind the predicament! Why  
don't you answer my question? Is that a  
picture of your wife?"

"The fact is, I don't know!"

"Absurd!"

"No—I don't know," said he deliberately,

gazing at the picture; "I—really—can't tell  
—whether it's his wife or!"

"Or who?"

"Her sister. They're twins!"

The situation was slightly bewildering,  
and I was silent.

"And I suspect, old fellow"—Chauncy  
began.

"No," I interrupted, "you don't suspect;  
you know; I told you all about it once."

"Yes, yes; but I'd forgotten—so many  
other things to think of lately."

"Yes—have a cigar," said I, lighting one  
myself.

"But perhaps—perhaps it's her sister," ex-  
claimed Chauncy.

"I've quite made up my mind as to that,"  
said I, calmly.

"What do you think?"

"It must have been her sister. It isn't at  
all likely that a woman who fascinated you  
would have attracted me."

Chauncy had a very severe choking fit; it  
was really alarming.

"Those miserable brimstone matches!" he  
cried. "But—but—what I was going to say  
is, didn't you receive a letter and a picture  
from me?"

"When?"

"Last summer. I sent you a photograph  
of the woman I was to marry, and wrote you  
all about her—and never heard a word from  
you."

"By Jove, what a mistake!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," said I—and I told him what I  
meant; that the picture had come to me all  
right, but his letter evidently had been lost.

"I had given myself a rather more agree-  
able explanation of the receipt of the pic-  
ture," said I.

"Why you didn't write to me was some-  
thing I couldn't explain at all," said Chaun-  
cy.

"But tell me, were both the sisters at Bar  
Harbor two summers ago?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

"Why?"

"Oh, I knew it; I have some sagacity,  
Chauncy! Perhaps you'll admit it one of  
these days."

The Savannahian finally said that he  
would make complaint before a magistrate,  
and if he did not prove by the bird itself he  
would not make any further claim to it. So  
together they went before Magistrate Rail-  
ford, who had his office at the time in a  
little building where the Custom House now  
stands. The complaint was made and the  
claimant of the bird said that he would prove  
that the mocking bird was his by the bird  
itself. The magistrate was somewhat sur-  
prised and asked:—

"How are you going to do that?"

The gentleman replied that he would  
whistle an air, and if the bird took it up  
and followed him it ought to be sufficient  
evidence of ownership. If the bird did not  
follow him then he would make no further  
claim to it.

He whistled the tune, "St. Patrick's Day  
in the Morning," and the bird joined in and  
whistled it through without any interrup-  
tion. The magistrate said:—"I am satisfied  
that the bird is yours. I don't want any  
further evidence of the fact of the owner-  
ship." The visitor was charmed, and  
wanted the bird badly, and offered \$100 for  
it, but the owner refused to part with it for  
any amount.—Savannah News.

## Agnosticism.

Professor Huxley is credited with being  
the first to use the word agnosticism, which  
is now employed to describe a person who  
is unwilling to acknowledge his entire igno-  
rance concerning spiritual things. It is gener-  
ally understood to mean simply an unbelief,  
and it is to be feared that the agnostic sel-  
dom has much faith in accepted beliefs, but  
the ground of his doubt is not hatred of  
Christianity, but an intellectual inability to  
accept dogmas that cannot be proved. Pro-  
fessor Huxley has recently given an enun-  
ciation of his understanding of agnosticism  
from which we may quote. He says that he  
adopted the word in early manhood, finding  
that nearly all his associates had a name for  
their opinions, while he had none.

"I came into my head," he says, "as sug-  
gestively antithetical to the gnostic of church  
history, who professed to know so much about  
the very things of which I was ignorant."  
And he thus defines it: "Agnosticism is  
not a creed, but a method, the essence of  
which lies in the rigorous application of a  
single principle. The principle is of great  
antiquity; it is as old as Socrates; as old as  
the writer who said, 'Try all things, hold  
fast by that which is good'; it is the foun-  
dation of the reformation, which simply illu-  
strated the axiom that every man should be  
able to give a reason for the faith that is in  
him; it is the great principle of Descartes; it  
is the fundamental axiom of modern science.  
Positively, the principle may be expressed:  
In matters of the intellect, follow your reason  
as far as it will take you, without regard to  
any other consideration. And negatively, in  
matters of the intellect, do not pretend that  
conclusions are certain which are not de-  
monstrated or demonstrable. That I take  
to be the agnostic faith, which, if a man  
keep whole and undivided, he shall not be  
ashamed to look the universe in the face,  
whatever the future may have in store for  
him. The only obligation accepted is to  
have the mind always open to conviction.  
If you were to find an agnostic who never  
failed in carrying out his principles, and tell  
him that you had discovered that two and  
two make five, he would patiently ask you  
to state your reasons for that conviction,  
and express his readiness to agree with you  
if he found them satisfactory. The apostol-  
ic injunction to suffer fools gladly should be  
the rule of life of a true agnostic. I am  
deeply conscious how far I myself fall short  
of this ideal, but it is my personal concep-  
tion of what agnostics ought to be."

## Your Home on Fire.

Not the house of wood, or brick, or stone, in  
which you live, but your bodily temperature may  
be in terrible danger from smoldering fire  
which you make no effort to quench. The  
great danger from impure blood is that it de-  
bilitates the system, and the digestive organs  
grow weak and inactive. Hood's Sarsaparilla  
combines the best kidney and liver invigor-  
ators, with the best alternatives and tonics, all  
from the vegetable kingdom, carefully and  
understandingly prepared in a concentrated  
form. It purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the  
blood, and tones up the system, giving the  
whole body vitality, and effectually guarding  
against the attacks of disease.

## Arlington Cemetery.

A delightful ride of three miles, through  
historic Georgetown, past old buildings in  
which George Washington died, under the  
shadow of the famous dome, over Aqueduct  
bridge and the beautiful Potomac, past  
Fort Meyer, where the signal service pro-  
nouncers are trained with military preci-  
sion and discipline, and we are at the gates  
of Arlington, says a correspondent. It is  
like entering a new world. Behind lie com-  
merce, wealth, ambition, politics, the pres-  
ent, the future.

Once in Arlington you live in the past,  
and the past alone. He who can walk Ar-  
lington without a surging of sentiment of  
patriotism in his breast, is indeed fit for  
deeds of stratagem and spoils. The road  
winds among the oaks, elms, maples, mag-  
nolias, many kinds of evergreens, arbutus  
and thousands of flowering shrubs. The air  
is laden with the perfume of flowers, the  
sward is green and restful, the shade cool-  
ing. But the marvellous beauties of nature,  
here spread with lavish hand, are as noth-  
ing compared to the real Arlington. These  
natural attractions are but the fair and  
graceful body. Arlington possesses a soul.

Under the sward repose the remains of  
16,388 soldiers. Four thousand four hundred  
and forty-nine of these are unknown. Vast  
as are these figures, one can easily believe  
them true, for on either side the long, regu-  
larly formed rows of small, white head-  
stones extend, perspectives of green between  
lines of white, as far as vision can reach.  
The grounds are perfectly kept. There is  
no grave that has become sunken, and none  
is marked by an elevation of the ground.  
Smooth and even is the surface everywhere.  
Walk among these stones and in ten min-  
utes one may see such typical American  
names as Sherman, Whittier, Spaulding,  
Jackson, Lee, Buchanan, Lawrence, Sheri-  
dan, Grant, Randolph, Allen.

One of the Jacksons bears the initials "U.  
S. G." and near by, oddly enough, is an  
"Andrew Grant." Not far away is "George  
Washington," and within a stone's throw  
two other Washingtons—"A." and "J."

Plenty of good Irish names may be seen,  
too, and German as well, significant of  
the valiant part borne in the struggle by the  
sons of these countries. Silent witnesses of war's  
havoc are all these stones, but more espe-  
cially the ones occasionally come upon marked  
"a leg," or "an arm." A few of these un-  
identified men were honored with sepul-  
chral burial, but in one great pit were  
thrown the bones of 3,111 unknown soldiers  
gathered after the war from the fields of  
Bull Run and the route to the Rappahan-  
nock. Over them is a caisson surmounted  
monument bearing the inscription:

"Their names could not be identified,  
but their names and deaths are recorded in  
the archives of their country, and their  
grateful citizens honor them as of their noble  
army of martyrs. May they rest in peace."

Frequently one notes the name of a  
woman, and on inquiry is surprised to learn  
that the remains of several hundred women  
repose here in honor. But in this there is  
nothing inappropriate, and on the records  
all go down as "soldiers," for they were the  
wives of officers who fell in battle, or nurse  
in the field hospitals. Surely these women  
who kept the homes and comforted the  
wounded and dying may fittingly be includ-  
ed with those of whom the roadside tablet  
sings:

On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.

Driving through the cemetery these in-  
scribed tablets with letters of white are seen  
by the way. Hundreds of thousands of  
visitors have seen and admired them—new  
died poet have a better setting for his verse  
—but few know the origin of the inscrip-  
tions. They were written by Theodore O'Hara,  
a gifted Irish-Kentuckian soldier and scholar,  
and read by him on the occasion of the in-  
terment of a monument to the dead of the  
Mexican war at Frankfort, Ky., many years  
ago. As one enters Arlington by the gate-  
way nearly the whole of this beautiful poem  
is shown him, verse by verse, as he drives  
along:

The animated drum and roll has ceased  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen foe.  
No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind.  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
Nor braying horn nor screaming foe  
At dawn shall call to arms.  
The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast;  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shouts are past.  
Rest on, unsullied and sainted dead,  
Dear as the blood ye gave.  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
The heritage of your grave.  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or honor points the hallowed spot  
Where valor proudly sleeps.  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor time's remorseless doom,  
Shall dim one ray of holy light  
That glads your glorious tomb.

—Post Express.

## Orders Two Pairs of Shoes.

Vanity, thy name is woman!  
How the dainty maiden pinches her waist  
and almost suffocates herself; how she bank-  
rupts herself in order to outshine her neigh-  
bors in a new spring bonnet, and how she  
frizzes and twists, powders and paints in  
order to look like something she is not, has  
been told in as many languages as the con-  
fusion of Babel produced, and here is a new  
fad of a certain fair one.

"That woman invariably does that," said  
a Third Avenue shoe dealer to a reporter,  
with an amused expression, as a fair custom-  
er tripped lightly out of his store today.

"Does what?" the reporter inquired.

"Why, didn't you notice? She asks for  
two pairs of fine kid shoes, one pair of num-  
ber two 'for herself,' and the other, a pair  
of 'for Jane.' Jane is her cook, and prob-  
ably never saw a pair of \$7 kid shoes ex-  
cept her mistress' old ones."

The reporter was still puzzled, and the le-  
gionnaire shoe dealer continued:

"I've sold that lady lots of goods during  
the last five years, and she always has two  
pairs sent home like that. To-morrow at  
next day she sends the two back with word  
that they didn't suit her. Now, she couldn't  
begin to get her foot into two, but a five  
just fits her. Vanity! That's the whole  
secret."

BERNHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak  
stomach.



THREE STAGES.

I.  
Sighing like a furnace,  
Over ears in love,  
Blind in adoration  
Of his lady's glow.  
Thinks no girl was ever  
Quite so sweet as she,  
Tells you she's an angel,  
Expects you to agree.

II.  
Moping and repining,  
Gloomy and morose,  
Asks the price of poison,  
Thinks he'll take a dose.  
Women are so fickle,  
Love is still a sham,  
Marriage is a failure,  
Like a broken dam.

III.  
Whistling, blithe and cheerful,  
Always bright and gay,  
Dancing, singing, laughing  
All the livelong day.  
Full of fun and frolic,  
Caught in fashion's whirl,  
Thinks no more of poison—  
Got another girl.

—Somerville Journal.

How the Paris Exposition is Lighted.

The Paris correspondent of the *Washington Gazette* thus describes the illuminations on the Exposition grounds:

The lighting of the exhibition alone is quite a formidable affair. There are now from 170,000 burners of various systems, some of them sun lights, others Jablochhoff candles, and a very large number of incandescent lamps for the galleries and pavilions of the Champ de Mars and the Esplanade des Invalides. In the central garden, terraces and facades of the palaces there are 160 large electric lamps. The lawns, shrubbery and gates of the palaces are lit by 6,500 lamps like those in the Paris restaurants. The machinery hall is lighted by 226 large and 1,130 small burners, and the whole exhibition there are over 1,100 large and 10,000 small burners.

The result is unique. Palaces, pavilions and pateries, fountains and statues, cunningly devised architectural effects in green and gold, silver and azure, are brought out in the clear air with an intensity of relief that suggests a dream of Wonderland. Electric lights irradiate the leaves of the laurels; fantastic luminaries glimmer among the trees, while the flower beds and grass plots of the central garden are fringed with long rows of soft white lamps that give to the grounds a fairy like aspect such as has rarely before been seen. The amount of light distributed is equivalent to about one candle for each square foot of space. The grand central dome sparkles like a tiara circled with jewels of a golden flame, and the twin palaces consecrated to the liberal and the fine arts are uniformly resplendent with rows of unbroken light. The machinery hall literally glazes with electricity. If to this be added the illuminations afforded by gas and other means, such as that of the Trocadero palace and gardens; and the Eiffel tower, with its triple circle of opalescent globes; and the orange colored Venetian lanterns that fill the trees on every official night; and the illumination of the Jena bridge; and the blaze of Bengal lights that give to the huge tower a hue from base to summit as red as the flames of pandemonium; and the fire-works on the banks of the Seine—it must be confessed that the spectacle, if once seen, can never be forgotten.

The luminous fountains, which have been produced in Paris for the first time, although well known in England, form one of the greatest attractions at the exhibition. I was admitted the other evening into the small pavilion placed at some distance from the water works, where the apparatus for illuminating the jets is constructed. The divinity who presides over the matters inside this mysterious abode is a little gray-bearded Englishman, with a blue embroidered skull cap on his head that gives him the aspect of an astrologer. He glanced mistrustfully at me as I entered, but lapsed into a more gracious mood when he heard the sound of his own vernacular. As the hour had arrived for the outside display he turned off the gas and drew near a piece of furniture which, in the half obscurity of the place, looked like a harmonium, or rather like one of those big desks so much the fashion in France during the first empire.

The lid on being raised by him, disclosed a dozen or more handles fixed at the top of as many upright levers, furnished with cogs, which levers, on being drawn down from their vertical position, catch in a series of horizontal ratches. Fronting this row of levers, within easy reach of the operator, were to be seen twenty-five electrical buttons, which, under the fingers of our English Neptune, were presently converted into a magic keyboard. On the right hand side was a manometer, while dial plates and electric chimes in various positions complete the apparatus.

The mode of operation is simple enough. Seen as the little gray-bearded man, who plays such a conspicuous part in the night's entertainment at the exhibition, had pulled forward three or four of the levers, I caught sight—through the glass partition of the "shanty"—of the effect produced outside on the spectators. Several jets of colorless water sprang up into the air, which were at once converted into a splendid crimson when the operator touched one of the electric buttons. By a similar operation the water works were successively dyed a rich blue, yellow, green, purple, or a combination of those colors when several of the buttons were manipulated simultaneously.

The operator, when through with his display, went on to explain to me that circular chambers in masonry were constructed beneath each basin, the roofs of which were pierced with a number of openings to receive a series of vertical cylinders, each placed below a jet. In each cylinder was arranged a series of thick plates of colored glass, which are made to move to and fro by means of cords connected with the levers he had manipulated; the rays from a very powerful lamp were thus directed upon the cylinders by means of a parabolic reflector, mirrors and condensers. In this way the light is obliged to traverse one or more thicknesses of colored glass before it reaches the fountain, and thus many combinations of colors and varied effects can be produced.

The stream of water running from the upper to the lower basin at the Trocadero is also illuminated, as well as the jets placed along each side. As it is impossible for the operators in the underground chambers to judge of the effects produced, their manipulations are controlled from the pavilion in which I stood, and kept in electrical communication with the operating rooms. Signals are transmitted so that the combinations of colors and effects can be modified at the option of the little gray-bearded Englishman in control. When the broad beam of electric light at the top of the Eiffel tower is brought to bear on the statue of this fine monumental fountain the effect is truly magnificent.

A Mule That Would Not Be Borrowed.

"Speaking of boss thieves," said the old farmer as he leaned back with a chuckle, "but I've had two or three funny experiences with them. About five years ago I had a valuable horse, and I had to work all kinds of tricks to prevent his being stolen. One day a fellow came along in a buggy, pretending he wanted to buy a farm, and he made two or three moves around the stable which satisfied me he was spotting the horse. I wasn't feeling well and couldn't stay up all night to act as guard, and so I put my horse in a neighbor's barn and brought his mule over to my stable. That mule was the worst kicker on top of the earth, and I knew there'd be fun if a visitor appeared. On the fourth morning I went out to find the would-be purchaser of my farm lying under a shed in the barnyard, with a broken leg and a scalp wound."

"Hello," says I, "what's happened?"

"Robbers," says he. "They attacked me just at your gate, and I think I'm badly hurt."

"But you didn't holler."

"Oh, no. I didn't want to disturb your rest."

"Did they hit you?"

"Yes. They struck me with a sand club."

"Was that club stuffed with hair?" says I, as I plucked a tuft of mule's hair off his shirt front.

"I think not," says he, cool as a cucumber. "I think I got that off the beast in there."

"But what were you doing in my stable?"

"I thought I'd borrow your horse and try to get to a surgeon's without disturbing you, but as he objected to being borrowed I gave up the idea. Now, my friend, here's \$40 for the trouble I'm going to be to you. Please hitch up and drive me to town, where I can be taken care of."

"And you did it?"

"Sartinly. I allus like to oblige, and them \$40 jist paid all my taxes."

"What became of the man?"

"Lay on his back in town for a couple of months, and then was shipped off East. I saw him the day before he went and asked him if he calked on hunting down the highwaymen who had attacked him that night in front of my house."

"I'm afraid I couldn't identify 'em, even if I got the guilty parties," he answered, as he handed over another ten, and sort of dodged as if expectin' that ole mule to let ity agin."—*New York World.*

What Could That Fourth One Be.

There is a very young lady in Washington who has a way of ridding herself of bores to be commended for uniqueness at least. She tells the tiresome party a story; then a second; if the second doesn't start him, the third one is almost sure to. In case that fails the fourth never misses its man. She calls them her "Undertaker Series." They are as follows:

"Oh, dear," said the beautiful daughter of a prominent undertaker, "I am afraid I shan't be able to go to Saratoga this summer. Papa says he never knew people to be so frightfully healthy. If some one doesn't die before long I shan't even have a new spring hat."

The second runs as follows: A New England gentleman went to Florida in the last stages of consumption, lingered a few months and passed away. His bereaved widow telegraphed home: "John is dead. Loss fully covered by insurance." She then set about preparing the remains for shipment to the north. The local undertaker was called in. The season was about over, and his large and select assortment had been reduced to a single casket, which proved about two feet too long for the deceased. "Never mind," sobbed the widow after she had haggled the price down to the lowest possible figure: "the box is too long, but I can fill the end in with oranges, boo-hoo!"

And the third is like unto this: A certain undertaker's energetic wife ekes out the family purse by keeping a boarding house. The boarders claim to be able to tell, with unerring accuracy, when the husband has had charge of a funeral, because the next day there are flowers on the table and ice on the butter.

The fourth story it could be told only under extreme provocation. It would be downright grave robbery to repeat it.

A Bear Story.

The writer, while staying in the mountains near Bismarck, Saginaw county, Colo., in the winters of 1882, 1883 and 1884, enjoyed no better sport with his two trusty companions, James Mathews and Sue Richards, than hunting the bear and deer and having an occasional adventure with wolves.

Of our many adventures, I will state one in particular. As our rude cabin was situated almost in the center of our hunting grounds, we needed no more assistance than our own muscular strength could afford in carrying our game from the place of slaughter to the cabin.

One fine morning in February as we were starting out for a hunt with our rifles shouldered and our hunting knives in our belts, we were met by a very large bear's tracks, and therefore began the trail at once. We had not gone far until we saw by the tracks in the snow that the bear had been joined by another one equally as large. I cautioned the boys to be on the lookout.

We had not gone more than twenty rods when, to our great surprise, both bears sprang out from behind a large mound, not more than twenty feet in advance of us. I, being the head one, quickly discharged my rifle, the ball just grazing the shoulder of one of the bears, which only added to the fury of both.

Both bears were now coming at us with ferocity. James and Sue both fired, but in their excitement and hurry both missed their aim.

As the first bear was in reach of me I dealt him a stunning blow with the butt of

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SWARMS OF RATTLESNAKES.

A Hunter Caught Thirty-Eight in a Spot He Had Just Vacated.

"Afraid of snakes? Of course I am. Every hunter fears them, and not without good reason," remarked a Pittsburgh sportsman to a Dispatch reporter. "The time I was down in Maryland on a hunting trip rattlesnakes came near scaring me out of a year's growth."

"This was how it happened: I was looking for squirrels, and had not been in a narrow ravine which I was following up for long when I saw a snake on the bank. I was looking for a squirrel near the bank when a squirrel ran up a tree on the bank to my right. Before I could get a shot at him he had disappeared, leaving into another type. The banks of the ravine were eight or ten feet high at this point. I thought I would climb up and see if I could catch that squirrel to see what he was doing. By the time I had started up the bank I was looking for a squirrel near the bank when a squirrel ran up a tree on the bank to my right. Before I could get a shot at him he had disappeared, leaving into another type. The banks of the ravine were eight or ten feet high at this point. I thought I would climb up and see if I could catch that squirrel to see what he was doing. 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AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE IN-  
STRACTION.Does it Promote Agriculture, Horticulture  
and the Mechanic Arts?

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

The object of the Agricultural College is, or should be, to foster and improve the above named industries. The law establishing our Agricultural College expressly declares that such shall be the object of its establishment. Has the teaching of a knowledge of these important industries been made a prominent feature there either by precept or example of the professors employed there? Does not the teaching by example and sympathy of a majority of the professors have a tendency to subordinate these industries to a pursuit of purely literary subjects, and discourage students from qualifying themselves to become proficient in these important industries and zealously engage in them after they have graduated, instead of embarking in the "professions," as so many of the graduates have? Can an instance be pointed out of a graduate of the College engaging in and becoming a worthy example of initiation in any of the above named industries outside of the College grounds? What other results can be expected when purely literary men, men of no practical experience in these pursuits, and having no sympathy for them, are placed at the head of the College, and given permanent positions therein, as has been the case with but few exceptions? The writer was greatly amused when a former president of the College said soon after his appointment: "I do not know why the Board should choose me for president of an agricultural college, for, practically, I do not know the difference between a hoe and a rake, having used neither half a day in my life." On another occasion he remarked, while alluding to the boys being worked too hard, "The boys do not come here to learn to work, they come to get an education." Just as if learning to work was not a very important part of their education, and the very thing the College was mainly founded to do—to reduce to practice what is learned in theory.

The writer speaks feelingly and from experience when he affirms that the teaching has been, and still seems to be, to subordinate a knowledge of the branches the College was founded to promote to mere literary pursuits. What wonder that the hardy yeomanry of the country—the tillers of the soil and laborers in the shops—should have so little sympathy for an institution largely presided over and dominated by strictly literary persons?

J. S. TIBBITTS.

Muskegon, July 8th, 1889.

A STATEMENT FROM PROF.  
JOHNSON.

To the Editor of the State Republican.

Please grant me space to reply to the article in Wednesday's issue relating to my case.

1st. The statement that I "made specific charges against three professors, Kedzie, Beal and Cook—in support of the general charge that I had not been well sustained by the faculty"—is not correct.

I was asked by the board of agriculture to name the members of the faculty whom I claimed had not been friendly to me and my department. I understood the question to refer to the past, and not especially to the present case. I named professors Kedzie, Cook and Beal, and did submit the following specific charges against Dr. Kedzie.

1st. He has been a law unto himself, and in express violation of the faculty rules, he has directly and indirectly permitted members of the sophomore and junior classes to work in the chemical laboratory, when he knew they were due on the farm and garden. He has thus encouraged students to evade the manual labor and prejudiced them against the work system and those who had in it charge, and who were trying to faithfully carry out its provisions. Instances of such violations were frequent.

2d. While claiming to be friendly to the work system and the farm department he has employed as an assistant a graduate of the college, notorious during his course as opposed to the work system, and who evaded it in almost every conceivable way, and who was prominent in the revolutionary proceedings of '86. He has thus placed a premium on the violation of plain college rules, and in a most emphatic way evidenced his sympathy with those who have been opposed to law and order at the college.

3d. He has not shown a consistent support of the manual labor system. In that while his three sons graduated from the college, they were permitted to neglect or evade almost, if not entirely, their manual labor duties.

4th. During the summer term of 1888 when the sophomore class was guilty of serious misconduct in the agricultural class, with the avowed purpose of breaking up the class and driving me out, Dr. Kedzie said, "Boys, you're all right; go ahead; but don't leave the college."

That in 1887, after the riot, when a committee of students published a reply to my article, he came up to a group of students in front of Williams' hall, when the papers were received, and said very energetically, "I want a half-dozen copies; that's the best thing I have seen;" thereby giving students publicly to understand that he approved of their action.

He has frequently spoken in the most unkind and contemptuous manner of the management of the farm and of its head. He has asserted of our cattle sales, and of the efforts made to improve our stock, that "there was coming to be altogether too much of 'this bull business'" at the college to suit him." By the use of such expressions many students have been imbued with a spirit of ridicule and fault-finding of the farm department and its management.

The board of agriculture, under their decision not to go back of June 6, declined to consider these charges at this time. For this reason I did not prefer specific charges against either Professors Cook or Beal.

I had supposed the investigation would be in legal form, and that both sides could be represented as they saw fit, by counsel. I wish to say that any other method of examination, in the present condition of college affairs, in my opinion, only has a tendency to distract the public mind, and to cover up the evils which need to be remedied.

As to my "hyper-sensitiveness," as in-

stanced in the allusion of Prof. Cook, I called on him to answer the one question only: "Did you not, in a lecture, refer to 'Sammy,' meaning me, as an illustration of the unwelcome guest?" It was so understood and taken by students at the time, as he admitted. Is it not a little strange that this gentleman should be compelled to leave American soil, and traverse the Atlantic in his thought to find "an English gentleman who never had any trouble with the students, as he died many years before the present generation of collegians was born, and must therefore be very dead?" as he illustrated of something that was defunct? Wouldn't it have been just as strong if he had said George Washington, or Thomas Jefferson, or the time-honored "as dead as a door nail?" I beg to assure the public that I am not particularly thin-skinned. I care nothing for allusions of this sort personally; but I submit in all candor, that as straws show the direction of the wind, so expressions of this sort, made to students who are more or less prejudiced, and who are quick to catch anything in the spirit or words of an instructor that seems to sanction their prejudices and inclinations to ridicule, are not only undignified and unprofessional in a teacher of any grade, but show very plainly either a pettish, narrow spirit or a decided disposition to nurse and intensify the follies of youth by an exhibition of very cheap wit.

The following editorial from last week's MICHIGAN FARMER seems to me abundant evidence of the unfriendly feeling on the part of some of my associates:

"I am sincerely and honestly, was not the employment of young men who had been opposed to the professor of agriculture, in order to lead in that position for three years, directly opposed to discipline and good feeling? Admit it, you please, that they have not been active in their opposition to Prof. Johnson during the past year, they have been prominent and malicious in opposing him up to their graduation, and the under-class men were well aware of that. To honor them by such preferment was to put a premium on the misconduct and revolutionary methods that had marked their stay at the college. Was not their employment by the heads of the departments in direct evidence of your sympathy and approval to continue persecution of Prof. Johnson?"

"Prof. Johnson, two years ago, after the disavowal of the faculty, was the superior of a member of the present senior class for serious misconduct, over his own signature, intimating that students had received overt aid and encouragement from certain members of the faculty. Does not the evidence in the MacEwan case demonstrate the correctness of this charge? A committee from the Senate and House visit the college. They were strangers almost to both MacEwan and Johnson; but they were so impressed, by his actions and words, with MacEwan's purpose to belittle the work and authority of his colleagues—the ten cent professor—that they felt compelled, in the interest of even-handed justice, to teach this accomplished Shakespearean scholar a lesson in morals and manners. He tried to injure Johnson, to thwart the wishes and will of the Board of Agriculture, who had asked for this appropriation, and he has justly suffered the consequences of his own folly. Are other members of the faculty who have threatened to resign if he was not reinstated equally guilty?"

For four years I have shown my determination to oppose, with all my might, the methods of the strike in college affairs, and to insist that every decision of the State Board of Agriculture should be cheerfully accepted and obeyed. I have never threatened to resign because faculty or board action were not pleasing to me. My enemies have sought by one subterfuge after another to annoy and persecute me; but I have gone on my way patiently; and I say in the face of all this tumult, that in no year of my connection with the college has my work been as successful as the one just closed. Let the public remember that only my enemies have spoken. They began with my failure to make the labor educational—poor lectures in one class or another. And even a resort to blackmail. They have been driven from one point of attack to another until I felt that with increased facilities (the new building for which the recent Legislature provided), some years of good service in the cause of agriculture were before me.

They have conspired and plotted; they have laid in wait to catch my words, and they seem to have triumphed; but I am not dismayed. Conscious of the rectitude of my purpose, of the justice of my cause, I do not forget that "Truth crushed to earth rises again. The eternal years of God are hers."

Those who perhaps were well meaning friends have advised me to be silent and keep out of the papers. I think it has been a great mistake on my part and has made a wrong impression.

I propose to be heard, and to refer this matter to the court of public opinion; and while I yield respectful deference to the decision of the State Board of Agriculture, I must in justice to myself reserve the right to vindicate myself in honorable, open ways. My enemies will not charge me with guerrilla methods of warfare—with fighting under cover. What I have to say shall be over my own signature, as it has been in the past, and I shall not go to England to disturb the bones of my ancestors for my illustrations.

Yours truly,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

A CABLE dispatch from London announces that there has been a heavy decline in sugars, caused by the refusal of the German syndicate to continue purchases. It seems they have got more than they can handle, and, like the copper "trust" they are going to "bust." All "trusts" seem to reach a stage at which they fall by their own weight. We look for the American end of the sugar "trust" to follow in the footsteps of its European compeer.

It has been finally decided by the Department Commanders of the G. A. R. to cancel the annual encampment which was to have been held this year during the last week in August at Milwaukee, Wis. This resolution is but carrying out in effect the threat expressed some weeks ago by the Grand Army men against the different railroad companies, that unless a one cent per mile rate was granted the veterans would not hold their annual encampment. Yesterday was the date fixed by the Department Commanders to receive the answer of the roads. This answer was not satisfactory and the nine Department Commanders having charge of the matter will on issue orders discontinuing the attendance of old soldiers at the Milwaukee encampment. The Department Commanders who have thus decid-

ed to carry out to the letter the threat made some time ago are Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, and Wisconsin. They were unanimous in their fixed purpose of carrying out the threat not to attend the meeting. Maj. Davis, of Nebraska, Gen. Martin, of Illinois, and Gen. Weissert, of Wisconsin, who constituted the board empowered to act, thereupon voted unanimously to dispense with the encampment.

## Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional notices through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to all regular subscribers free. The full name and address will be necessary that we may be able to reach you. No questions answered professionally by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. Private address, No. 301 First St. Detroit, Mich.

## Capped Hock.

OAKWOOD, July 8, 1889.

I have a four year old mare; weighs 1,300 pounds. A bunch has come on her gambled cord. It is now the size of an hen's egg, and there is one started on the other. If you can give me a remedy you will oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The trouble as referred to in your letter is capped hock, the result of bruise, possibly due to some imperfection in the stall or stable where the horse stands. Apply tincture of iodine prepared with alcohol and turpentine, once a day until the skin is well irritated; then apply vaseline to the parts once a day until all soreness is removed. Turn the animal in a good roomy box stall. With proper attention this course is usually attended with success.

## Too Early Breaking.

PINKNEY, July 6, 1889.

I have a three year old colt which appears to have been heated. I worked her about two hours on the mower July 5th, when she began to pant. Do not think she had heated previous to that. Is there any remedy for her? Please answer through the FARMER.

Answer.—Remedy: Keep your colt from work until he is matured. The handling of colts early is all right, but to put an animal so young to hard work is decidedly wrong. Colts handled but not worked until four and a half or five years, make better animals at fifteen or twenty years old than we now have at ten or twelve years. Of this assertion I have ample proof. Give this colt the following in a little feed: Sulphate magnesia, eight ounces; Jamaica ginger, pulp; two ounces; mix well together, and divide into eight portions. Give one in the feed, every fifteen minutes. Renew if necessary. Give no corn or corn meal to eat, but good oats and hay.

## What is the Matter with the Colt.

MARLE RAPIDS, July 3, 1889.

I have a yearling colt that bothers about eating the other colts' tails. It is very poor, although its pasture has been good. It evidently needs some substance which it does not get from its food, for it is falling all the time. Please give me a remedy for this trouble, if there is one, through the FARMER and oblige.

A READER.

Answer.—From your description we cannot prescribe for your colt. You have given no symptoms to guide us in doing so. You had better call a competent veterinary surgeon to see the animal and prescribe for it, or give us some diagnostic symptoms by which to determine the nature of the disease, if there is any, upon which to justify a diagnosis. In the absence of the animal for personal examination it requires care on the part of subscriber in describing symptoms to govern our prescriptions.

## Umbilical Hernia in a Colt.

PLYMOUTH.

I have a young mare colt, three months old, which has a rupture in the navel 1 1/2 to two inches long, through which the intestines protrude, making a bunch as large as a goose egg. The first thing that attracted my attention to it was a small swelling, appearing to the touch like a short piece of the naval cord grown hard, and was very sore inside the skin. I did nothing for it, thinking that it would do better with treatment. The began when she was four weeks old, and continued without material change until a little more than a week ago, when it assumed the appearance of a rupture. Upon examination I found that it was one indeed. Is there anything I can do for it? I have trusted it up with a bandage for the present. I have so far been able to keep the intestines in place, but the bandage has to be very tight and I fear injury in that direction. Please reply through the MICHIGAN FARMER, to which I am a subscriber, and oblige.

ARTHUR D. STEVENS.

Answer.—The rupture in your colt is known as an umbilical hernia, which should have had earlier attention. It is a case for a competent veterinary surgeon, or a surgeon in human medical practice can perform the operation. The animal should be prepared for the operation by two or three days' fasting. It may then be cast and placed upon its back, being well secured. A free incision should be made through the integument, or skin, the edge on either side nicely pared off with a sharp scalpel, the wound closed by bringing the freshened edges of the rupture together, securing them in place by means of the quilt suture, which is made of rounded pieces of whalebone, dogwood, or any tough substance, not metallic, extending beyond the opening on either side. Properly secured, a light compress, or a piece of perforated sheet lead, should be placed over the rupture and kept in place by a bandage around the body. Dress the wound once a day with a dilute solution of tincture of arnica, or Evineo Liniment. Do not remove the sutures until the wound is healed, then cut the stitches out. Keep the bowels in good condition, with small doses of linseed oil, but do not purge. Feed sparingly for several days before the operation, and afterwards until the wound is healed thoroughly. This operation, properly performed, and the animal carefully nursed, rarely fails in perfect restoration to the normal condition.

CALIFORNIA rains are reported under foreign brands by dishonest dealers at New York.

## Commercial.

## DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, July 12, 1889.

WHEAT.—Patents are higher, the advance on Minnesota being 30c per bu. Rye has also advanced. Quotations on car-load lots are as follows:

Michigan roller process.....	4 10	25
Michigan patents.....	4 00	25
Minnesota, bakers.....	4 05	25
Minnesota, patents.....	5 00	25
Rye.....	2 25	00
Low grade.....	2 50	25

WHEAT.—After a steady advance up to Thursday's close, the market has turned the other way, and is far from strong at the present time. Closing quotations yesterday were as follows: No. 1 white, 90c; No. 2 red, 80c; No. 3 red, 75c; No. 4 red, 70c; No. 5 red, 65c; No. 6 red, 60c; No. 7 red, 55c; No. 8 red, 50c; No. 9 red, 45c; No. 10 red, 40c; No. 11 red, 35c; No. 12 red, 30c; No. 13 red, 25c; No. 14 red, 20c; No. 15 red, 15c; No. 16 red, 10c; No. 17 red, 5c; No. 18 red, 0c; No. 19 red, 0c; No. 20 red, 0c; No. 21 red, 0c; No. 22 red, 0c; No. 23 red, 0c; No. 24 red, 0c; No. 25 red, 0c; No. 26 red, 0c; No. 27 red, 0c; No. 28 red, 0c; No. 29 red, 0c; No. 30 red, 0c; No. 31 red, 0c; No. 32 red, 0c; No. 33 red, 0c; No. 34 red, 0c; No. 35 red, 0c; No. 36 red, 0c; No. 37 red, 0c; No. 38 red, 0c; No. 39 red, 0c; No. 40 red, 0c; No. 41 red, 0c; No. 42 red, 0c; No. 43 red, 0c; No. 44 red, 0c; No. 45 red, 0c; No. 46 red, 0c; No. 47 red, 0c; No. 48 red, 0c; No. 49 red, 0c; No. 50 red, 0c; No. 51 red, 0c; No. 52 red, 0c; No. 53 red, 0c; No. 54 red, 0c; No. 55 red, 0c; No. 56 red, 0c; No. 57 red, 0c; No. 58 red, 0c; No. 59 red, 0c; No. 60 red, 0c; 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